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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE journals are so barren of political intelligence just now, and the state of Europe is so utterly uninteresting to those readers who are always on the look-out for news of alliances and counter-alliances, conspiracies, rebellions, and wars, that the visit of the King Consort of Spain to Paris, merely because it has taken place in the dull season, has acquired the character of an important political event. There is nothing very remarkable, however, in the Spanish King's having returned the French Empress's visit. The wife of the Emperor Napoleon went to Madrid, and was naturally received with the honours due to a Sovereign. The husband of Queen Isabella, visiting Paris, is welcomed in a similar manner. Fortunately for the Royal visitor, the railway of the north of Spain had just been completed, which enabled him to make the whole journey from Madrid to Paris by train. This was simply a piece of good luck for him, and we see no reason for connecting his journey in any other manner with the supposed abolition of the Pyrenees. *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées* is a saying which now, for the first time, expresses something like a geographical truth for the traveller bound to Paris from Madrid; but in a political sense it is as false at present as it was when it was first pronounced. That France would like to have all the resources, and especially the military and naval resources, of Spain at her disposition cannot be doubted.

Whether Spain would care to become, if not a vassal of France, at least a mere instrument of French policy is quite another question. Hitherto we have only heard what French writers have to say about it. Before arriving at any decided opinion on the subject it would be desirable to ascertain how the propositions, authorised or unauthorised, of French pamphleteers are received by the Spaniards. In the meanwhile, we are glad to see that some of our contemporaries are turning the occasion to account, and are calling upon Spain, if it would once more become a great nation, to begin, first of all, by paying its immense debts.

An armed political contest has taken place at Geneva, in which, curiously enough, the Conservatives took the initiative, and opened the proceedings by surrounding and attacking an assembly of Radicals. The Radical party had, it appears, annulled an election which had turned out to the advantage of the Conservatives. Hence the Conservative indignation, which, at Geneva, expresses itself in a most unconservative manner.

The Belfast riots, however, are a far greater disgrace to Ireland than this Geneva election fight is to Switzerland. It is to be hoped that they are now really at an end; but there seems to be no reason why they should not begin again at any moment after the soldiers and the extra police have quitted the town. Our friends on the Continent will, of

course, see in the lawless proceedings of the Belfast rioters a proof that Ireland still suffers from English misrule. It is difficult, however, to legislate for pugnacity in a direct manner. The vice cannot be cured, and all that can be done is to repress the manifestations of it as often as they occur. No one, we believe, pretends that there are any "grievances" at the bottom of these disturbances. At least, the rioters themselves say nothing about them. Nevertheless, we shall not be surprised if our friends on the Continent, who regarded the English Government as the cause of the potatoe disease and of the famine consequent on the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, should discover that the English Government had somehow or other a hand in causing the riots at Belfast. That the effects of a long period of misrule still exists in Ireland cannot be denied, and it is also true that even now the Irish are under certain disabilities, and that Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom where volunteer companies may not be formed. On the other hand, Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom where such scenes as have just taken place at Belfast are likely to occur. As it is, we have only had riots at Belfast. Had the rioters been armed with rifles, we should have had civil war.

From Italy rumours of a new "movement" reach us from time to time, and some trifling disturbances which have recently taken place among the students at the University of Padua,



SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY, "THE STREETS OF LONDON," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

were thought at first to have a grave political character. Everything is quiet, however, for the present, in Venetia as in all other parts of Italy.

We had not heard much of Poland for some time past until news arrived the other day that the chiefs of the National Government had been executed. Now we learn that a portion of the kingdom of Poland has been incorporated with Russia, and, we believe, the next step in the affairs of this unhappy country will be to partition the "kingdom" between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. If an inquest were now to be held on the mangled body of Poland, what would the verdict of an impartial jury be? That she has committed suicide, or simply that Russia has murdered her? And what opinion would the jury express as to the conduct of the bystanders who made no effort to restrain Poland, but, on the contrary, did their best to encourage her in a perfectly hopeless struggle, and then abandoned her, in her despair, to take her chance of breaking her own head or getting her head broken by her enemy? If it be suicide for unarmed men to attack armed soldiers and throw themselves headlong upon their bayonets, it was something very like self-murder for exhausted Poland—alone, unarmed, and without force of any kind—to provoke a conflict with the army and people of the whole Russian Empire. But it was only a wild, a maddened minority that commenced the impossible struggle, and, but for the prospect of foreign aid, the majority of the nation would have kept out of it. However, at the present moment, Russia is most certainly seeking to destroy Poland—not merely to crush the insurrection, but also to break up the social organisation of the country, and to place it in such a position that it will never again be able to raise a hand against its oppressors.

SCENE FROM "THE STREETS OF LONDON," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE merit's of Mr. Boucicault's new play, "The Streets of London," which is now being performed at the Princess's Theatre, have already been discussed in these columns. (See ILLUSTRATED TIMES for Aug. 6.) Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the character of the play as a play, all who have seen it must agree in admiring the scenery with which it is illustrated. All the scenes are excellent; and it is scarcely possible to praise too highly either the conception or the execution of each. In fact, there are some scenes in the drama that have rarely, if ever, been surpassed; such, for instance, as the burning of the banking-house, with its mass of flame and falling timbers and its excited mob outside; and, as a contrast, the view of London over the house-tops, when the great capital is seen sleeping in moonlight under a mantle of solemn snow. Superior, however, to both, in its union of an exact picture with all the movement and mechanic aids which are appropriate to the scene, is the view of Charing-cross at midnight, with its lighted lamps, its Nelson column, its gleaming windows of Northumberland House, its groups of rich and poor wending their way to club or garret, and its cabs and buses in the distance rolling by in quick succession. Here, indeed, is a piece of reality that is not to be questioned for an instant—one whose completeness is so extraordinary and whose impression is so unique that it can scarcely fail to invest the drama with more than ordinary attraction. Indeed, the scene of Charing-cross on a winter's night, is, perhaps, the most real scene ever witnessed on the stage in London. The spectator is supposed to be placed in St. Martin's-lane, looking towards Charing-cross and Northumberland House, with St. Martin's Church on his left. The scene is almost entirely set. Real lamps run down each side of the way; the chemist's shop on the right throws its crimson, violet, and green lines of colour across the street; broughams and cabs in the distance—reduced to their proper perspective—are seen driving by Spring-gardens and shooting into the Strand; in short, the scene is a perfect diorama. The audience on the opening-night hailed this extraordinary picture (which is the one portrayed in our Engraving) with a furor of applause, and the artist, Mr. F. Lloyds, had to come forward and accept his share of the demonstration.

With such adjuncts and the careful acting of the various artistes engaged, it is scarcely necessary to say that "The Streets of London" has been a complete success.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Paris was making holiday all last week. No sooner were the celebrations of the Emperor's fête concluded than those in honour of the visit of the King Consort of Spain commenced. There were salvos of artillery, grand opera and theatrical performances, displays of the waterworks at Versailles, banquets, reviews, &c. The festivities and the stay of the King, however, were cut prematurely short by the death of the Princess Czartoryska, daughter of Queen Christina; on which event the Spanish Monarch abruptly took his departure homeward. One object of the King's visit was alleged to be to arrange a marriage between his brother and Princess Anna Murat; but that project broke down, in consequence, it is said, of the opposition of the Queen, or of a preference being given to Prince Humbert of Italy. The rumour of this last-mentioned alliance appears to excite considerable interest in political circles in Paris, where it is thought by some to signify a revival of the Italian question. Should the marriage really take place, it is believed that an Imperial promise to help the Italians in a war against Austria will form part of the dowry of the Princess. The moneyed interest in France is consequently alarmed at the prospect, and the probability of the marriage taking place under such an understanding has already affected the French and Italian stocks. No official contradiction or denial has been given to the rumour as yet.

Speeches made on Tuesday by two of the French Ministers, M. Rouher and M. Roulard, at the Council-General of the department of the Puy de Dôme and at Ronen, announce a large measure of administrative reform in the direction of decentralisation of authority. In all purely departmental affairs, the Councils-General are in future to have the fullest authority; nothing will be withheld from them except subjects affecting general interests, the unity of the territory, and the rights of political sovereignty. This power, if honestly given and judiciously used, will introduce into France as high a degree of local government as exists in England.

SWITZERLAND.

Disturbances broke out in Geneva on the 23rd inst. Barricades were erected and blood shed. These commotions arose from the Radical committee having the previous day annulled the election of M. Chenevière, the Conservative candidate, to the Council of State. On this becoming known the Conservatives surrounded the building in which the sittings of the Council were held. The inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Gervais armed themselves, and a conflict ensued, in which four persons were killed and fifteen wounded. M. Fornerod and Colonel Barmann, Federal Commissioners, who subsequently arrived with a battalion of militia, restored order, and the disturbances terminated.

THE TYROL.

A political conspiracy, the objects of which though not mentioned may be guessed, has been discovered in the Southern Tyrol, and been followed by numerous arrests by the Austrians at Trent, Pergine, Roveredo, Riva, and other places.

GREECE.

The Cephalonian deputies in the Chambers are about to demand the annexation, peaceably, to Greece of Candia, Thessaly, and the Epirus.

ALGERIA.

Renewed disturbances have broken out in Algeria—the province of Oran the scene. The movement assumes very serious proportions, the revolted tribes having perpetrated acts of assassination and incendiarism, cut the telegraph wires, and pillaged several caravanserais; but the French troops have succeeded in establishing a military cordon, which it is hoped will prevent any extension of the insurrection to what are at present the peaceful districts.

TURKEY.

The city of Smyrna has just been the scene of some disturbances, which, happily, have not been attended with any serious consequences. A dervish, who had arrived from Medina, announced the end of the world—a prophecy which produced a great impression on the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood, exciting among the Mussulmans the fears of some and the cupidity of others. A band of Candiotes, who had recently landed, went through the streets threatening fire and pillage, in concert with the Mussulman population. The panic which was at first caused by this incident soon, however, calmed down before the energetic attitude of the Turkish authorities, who, on the recommendation of the French Consul-General, arrested all the Candiotes.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We have intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope to July 13. The rumour that Kreli and his people were about to cross the Bashee is proved to have been false; but throughout the whole coast of the Canda country the tribes are in a state of great excitement, and hostilities were expected to break out amongst the natives themselves.

GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

The position of the people of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein is just now not an enviable one. They want their Government settled according to their own wish; but all that Prussia and Austria are willing to do is to make a provisional arrangement. This, it appears, is at length agreed upon between those great Powers and the German Confederation whom they tried to ignore. A commission for the administration of the three duchies—Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg—is to be composed of three members, one of whom is to be appointed by each of the three authorities; and in the mean time, the future ruler and position of the duchies are under consideration.

The municipalities from several of the Holstein towns have met at Neumünster, when a resolution was passed thanking the allies, and recognising the necessity of the duchies joining Germany, and, so far as German interests demanded, Prussia in particular, without prejudice, however, to their independence. The resolution further states that the establishment of a Provisional Government cannot be regarded as a proper means to secure the object in view, and fears are expressed lest the generally-desired speedy settlement of the affairs of the country, as regards its internal and foreign relations, may be thereby unnecessarily deferred.

A telegram from Vienna states that a complete understanding has been arrived at between Prussia and Austria. The claims of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg gain ground. Prussia will not quit Schleswig-Holstein without territorial, political, and military compensations. The Austrian Government no longer disapproves the policy of Prussia.

It is officially stated that Württemberg intends to propose that the minor German States, with Bavaria at their head, should form a third Power in the German Confederation, the other two being Austria and Prussia. It is not known in what form Württemberg will embody this resolution at the Federal Diet.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

Our advices from New York reach to the evening of the 12th instant.

All was reported quiet in front of Petersburg. It was thought that the Confederates are meditating early and important offensive operations. On the afternoon of the 6th inst. they exploded a mine in front of the 5th Corps, but little damage was done, as the mine did not reach the Federal works by about forty feet. The Confederates started to make a charge after the explosion, but fell back on ascertaining the failure of the mine. Some heavy musketry firing ensued, continuing for some time, but without any important result. The court of inquiry convened to investigate the cause of the failure of the attack on the 30th ult. referred the case back to head-quarters. It is said that General Burnside was implicated with the cause of the disaster.

General Sheridan had been placed in command of the departments of the Upper Potomac and West Virginia, and his forces were moving up the Shenandoah Valley against the Confederates. The raiders under Generals McCausland and Bradley Johnson were overtaken and utterly routed at Moorefield by General Averill, who captured all their artillery and about 500 prisoners. The Federals abandoned the pursuit on account of the exhausted condition of their horses. The Governor of Pennsylvania had recommended the Legislature to make an appropriation to equip 15,000 militia for the special defence of the State. Prince George's Courthouse was burned by Federal troops on the 7th. It was a wanton act on the part of the troops, and not in obedience to any instructions from their officers.

North Carolina advises that the Confederates are making great exertions to organise their navy in the waters of that State. The ram Albemarle has been greatly strengthened, and now lies at Plymouth, under the command of Captain Maffit, formerly of the Florida. Another powerful ram is nearly completed at Edward's Ferry, and a large floating battery is being built in the Roanoke river.

South Carolina advises to the 5th report a heavy bombardment of Fort Sumter and Charleston in progress. The Federal officers placed under fire at Charleston, and the Confederate officers held under fire on Morris Island by General Foster in retaliation have been exchanged. This releases on each side five generals and forty-five field officers.

An enormous mass meeting had been held at New York to nominate General McClellan for the presidency. The *New York Herald* estimates that 100,000 persons were present. Resolutions were passed denouncing Mr. Lincoln's policy and recommending McClellan's nomination on a Constitutional platform.

A Confederate privateer was reported sixty miles south-east of Sandy Hook. She had captured a pilot-boat.

A plot to capture and destroy Buffalo was said to have been discovered in Canada among the Secessionists there. It was alleged that they had organised a large force for this purpose, and that they also proposed to destroy a large portion of the Erie Canal. The Provost-Marshal of Buffalo announced the discovery of the plot to General Dix, who was reported to have replied that he already knew of the conspiracy, but had no means at his immediate command to prevent its consummation, and that the city must rely for the present for defence upon its local militia.

The Southern papers announce the appointment of the Hon. George H. Trenholm as Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of the Hon. C. G. Memminger, resigned. Mr. Trenholm is a native of Charleston, about fifty-five years of age, and the senior partner of the firm of John Fraser and Co., of Charleston, which, with its Liverpool branch—Fraser, Trenholme, and Co.—has been extensively engaged in blockade-running enterprises since the beginning of the war.

FEDERAL ATTACK ON MOBILE.

The Federal fleet, under Admiral Farragut, on the 5th inst., made a vigorous attack upon the defences of Mobile. The accounts thus far received are entirely from Southern sources, reported by General Butler to the authorities at Washington. According to these accounts, the *Richmond Sentinel* of the 8th contained the following despatch from General Maury, Confederate Commander at Mobile, to the Secretary of War at Richmond:

Mobile, Aug. 5.
Seventeen of the enemy's vessels (fourteen ships and three ironclads) passed Fort Morgan this morning. The Tecumseh, a monitor, was sunk by the fort. The Tennessee (Confederate ironclad) surrendered after a desperate engagement with the enemy's fleet. Admiral Buchanan lost a leg and is a prisoner. The Salina was captured. The Gaines was beached near the hospital. The Morgan is safe, and will try to run up to-night. The enemy's fleet has approached the city. A monitor has been engaging Fort Powell all day.

D. H. MAURY, Major-General.

Richmond papers also state that the Federals had occupied Dauphin Island, near Mobile, and predict that they would make it a base for siege operations against the city. The capture of Mobile was confidently predicted at Washington, although it was known that the inner defences of the harbour are of great strength. It was also believed that Farragut's operations would oblige Hood to send reinforcements to the garrison of the city, thereby creating an important diversion in favour of General Sherman.

Official Confederate despatches from Mobile, dated the 8th inst., state:—

It is painfully humiliating to announce the shameful surrender of Fort Gaines by Colonel Anderson. Colonel Anderson communicated with the enemy by a flag of truce, without the consent of General Page, who inquired by signal what his purpose was, but received no answer. General Page telegraphed, "Hold your fort," and immediately visited Fort Gaines, when he found that Colonel Anderson was on board the Federal fleet, arranging a capitulation. The General left orders for Colonel Anderson, on returning, not to surrender the fort, and relieved him of his command. Fort Morgan signalled this morning, but received no answer except the hoisting of the Federal flag over the ramparts of Fort Gaines. Colonel Anderson's conduct is pronounced inexplicable and shameful.

The Confederates evacuated and blew up Fort Powell on the 7th inst. The whole Confederate fleet, except one vessel, was sunk, beached, or captured.

THE GEORGIAN CAMPAIGN.

The battle before Atlanta, of July 28, is thus described in the correspondence of the *New York Times*:—

The enemy, anticipating Sherman's designs upon his left, massed Stewart's corps, composed of about 20,000 men, upon our right, and attacked Logan furiously, a little before noon, with infantry and artillery. Logan had got into a pretty good position, luckily, and had thrown up a line of rude rifle-pits along the whole front of the 15th corps. After brisk skirmishing upon both sides, and considerable artillery demonstrations on the part of the enemy, Loring's division of infantry and Martin's brigade of cavalry dashed across an open field into a patch of woods, and turned our flank, when about two hours of hard fighting took place, at the termination of which time Logan had successfully managed to extricate himself from his perilous situation. This was about two o'clock. From this time till between four and five the musketry fire was terrible, very little artillery being used by the enemy and none by ourselves. Before four o'clock Logan advanced his whole line over the rifle-pits, as the entire front of Stewart's corps exhibited signs of wavering. The enemy during all this time had fought in an open field, and in patches of forest, with no protection whatever, while our line was behind rifle-pits. At four p.m. the whole rebel corps was retreating, and in half an hour afterwards was inside its fortifications, leaving us the entire field upon which the attack was made and the battle fought. Logan took immediate possession of the enemy's ground, and during last night his corps put up a strong line of earthworks. General Logan says his loss in killed, wounded, and missing will amount to 1500, and one stand of colours. The majority of this loss occurred upon the flank, which was penetrated by the enemy at the commencement. This loss was made up, however, at the close, as our forces had everything in their own way. The enemy's loss is estimated as at least as large as our own. They removed nearly all their dead and wounded. In the last charge of our troops three rebel colonels were killed and three stands of colours were captured.

At last accounts the situation at Atlanta remained unchanged. General Sherman was strengthening his position and vigorously preparing his siege operations. Hood maintained his lines, and was thought to be making every exertion to interfere with Sherman's communications. It was reported that large bodies of Georgia militia had reinforced Atlanta.

The Federal loss during Stoneman's raid is reported to be 1000 men.

MOBILE AND ITS DEFENCES.

The New York papers give the following description of the military and naval defences of Mobile:—

From the Gulf of Mexico there are three channels into the harbour of Mobile, two of them (the most easterly) being defended by Fort Morgan, while the western one is fully garrisoned by a casemate-work known as Fort Gaines. The Swash channel, which is the principal one by which vessels of any size can enter the bay, runs directly under the guns of Fort Morgan; and it is by this channel that nearly all the blockade-runners go in and out of the harbour. In strong breezes the sea on the bar is so heavy that it is dangerous to attempt its crossing. To aid in the defence of the bay, and prevent the Union fleet from passing by the forts, a chain of obstructions has long since been placed across the channels. They consist of a row of strong spikes driven firmly into the mud. When the tide is at full flood they cannot be seen, and only at the very lowest water are these obstructions visible. Spikes have also been driven into the Dog River bar, along the channel line, and on each side of the entrance to the river bearing that name, so that it would be a difficult matter for a vessel unaccompanied by a thoroughly versed pilot to reach the city of Mobile, even if she should succeed in passing the forts. A sloop, laden with stones, rides at anchor at the entrance of these obstructions, and at the first signs of successful invasion on the part of an enemy would be scuttled and sunk, so as to prevent vessels passing through the obstructions. The entrance to Mobile Bay is between Mobile Point and the eastern point of Dauphin Island, and the intervening distance is about three miles and a quarter. The interior of the bay has depth of water sufficient for any vessel that can cross the bar, which has about fifteen feet upon it at low water. On account of a bar formed opposite the mouth of Dog River, vessels drawing more than eight or nine feet cannot, at low water, go further up the bay. The bay of Mobile is about thirty miles in length from north to south, with an average width of from ten to twelve miles, except where it expands on the south-east into the subsidiary bay of Bon Secour, which extends some eight or ten miles further to the eastward. The bay, in addition to the outlets elsewhere described, has one at Grant's Pass, north of Dauphin Island, which communicates with Mississippi Sound. Through this channel steamers and other vessels of light draught formerly passed when plying between Mobile and New Orleans. The whole upper portion of the bay is shallow and is supposed to be gradually filling up with sedimentary deposits from the rivers which flow into it. Measures were in progress in 1860-1 for opening a channel to the city of Mobile for larger vessels than had previously gone up there. Strong lines of intrenchments have been thrown up, encircling the city from near Dog River around to the Alabama River, and no less than twelve large independent earthworks have been constructed in rear of the line of intrenchments. On Point Pintos is a nine-gun battery commanding the line of intrenchments and one of the channels approaching the city. At Garrows Bend is a five-gun battery, also commanding the obstructions and the main ship channel for a distance of nearly three miles. The remaining earthworks in the vicinity of the city are intended more particularly to repulse a landing of troops on the western shores, or a land attack which could be made at Porterville from the Mississippi Sound, marching thence up the road to Spring-hill. The intrenchments are about fifteen miles in length, and were built some time ago. At various points signal-guns and carronades have been mounted, so that they can throw grape and canister among an advancing foe. A tract of marshy land has been made solid by means of spikes and earth, and on this has been erected a casemated battery, mounting ten most powerful guns—viz., three 100-pounder rifles, four 9-inch Dahlgrens, and three long 32-pounders. Between the March battery and the Alabama river, and near the latter, is a redoubt which sweeps the level plateau over which it keeps guard, and it commands as well a portion of the bay. Passing further to the northward, another redoubt is met near a small village on the railroad, which mounts four heavy guns. At Three Mile Creek is another redoubt, which guards the railroad bridges. To the west of Mobile are a series of earthworks several miles in extent, further defended by formidable breastworks and rifle-pits, extending from the "Shell-road" entirely around the city to the river. Between the Alabama river and the Shell-road a six-gun battery commands the position. Fort Morgan, the main protection to the city, or rather the entrance to the bay, is situated on Mobile Point. It cost the United States Government in its construction and armament about 1,500,000 dollars, and is capable of mounting 132 guns and of garrisoning 700 men for siege operations. It is built upon the site of old Fort Boyer, which was noted for its successful resistance of a British fleet on the 14th of September, 1814. The old fort was a small redoubt with an armament of twenty short carronades, and garrisoned by only 120 men—all told. The Federal fleet, under the command of Admiral Farragut, consisting

of nineteen wooden ships, powerful, and with very heavy batteries, and four of the best of our monitor ironclads, with five small tugs to act as dispatch-
vessels, being a total of twenty-eight vessels.

A gentleman, long a resident of Mobile, and familiarly acquainted with the topography of that port, gives the following particulars of the locality of the late naval victory gained by Admiral Farragut:—

Forts Morgan and Gaines are situated about thirty-three miles from the city of Mobile, and command from opposite sides the entrance to the bay of the same name. This entrance is about two miles and a half wide. Fort Powell commands another entrance, or rather narrow artificial pass, called Grant's Pass, into the same bay from the Mississippi Sound. The true harbour of Mobile, locally called the anchorage, is a few miles above these forts, under the lee of Dauphin Island, and about twenty-five miles from Mobile. Only vessels of small draught can come to the wharves of the city, which is approached by a narrow and tortuous channel averaging 9 ft. of water, never exceeding eleven. The most difficult portion of the channel is at a point called Choctaw Pass, about five miles distant from the city.

It is not believed that the city is in any danger of capture from a naval attack. A successful land attack would require at least 15,000 men, and the approaches in that case would not be from Dauphin Island, but from Pascagoula. The object of Admiral Farragut's operations is, therefore, probably first, to destroy the Confederate fleet in the bay; and, secondly, to more effectually close a port which, from its large cotton exports, had recently become of considerable importance to blockade-runners. These objects attained, the situation will not be very dissimilar from that at Charleston, except that the distances between the outer and inner lines of harbour defences are greater.

A correspondent, writing to the *Times*, says:—

Having visited Mobile in the spring of this year, perhaps a few remarks on the improbability of the capture of that city by the Federals may be acceptable to your readers.

There are two entrances to the Bay of Mobile, one of which is effectually barred by Fort Powell, a beautiful sandwork, situated in the middle of the channel, and finished only a few days before it was unsuccessfully attacked by the Federals last February. The main entrance is defended by Forts Morgan and Gaines, two old-fashioned works, which, however, have been much altered and improved lately. But it was the opinion of Admiral Buchanan, General Mauri, and almost every officer I conversed with, that these two forts were entirely incompetent to defend the entrance into the bay, and that the Federal fleet might pass them whenever it chose to make the attempt.

The real defences of the city of Mobile against an attack by water are everything that the friends of the South could wish. They consist chiefly of two very strong works in the bay itself, which have recently been entirely rebuilt, and a strong fort on the shore south of the city. Upon the narrow channel leading to the inner harbour these works can concentrate a fire such as will undoubtedly prevent Admiral Farragut's fleet from any nearer approach, even if he could bring up his monitors; and this will probably not be able to do, as no vessels drawing more than nine feet can pass the Dog River Bar, which is several miles below Mobile.

It is not probable that land forces accompany the expedition; and, indeed, it would require a large army now to lay regular siege to Mobile, which, if its defences are completed, as they most likely are by this time, is one of the most strongly-fortified places in the world. One of its three lines of defences consists of a series of forts, constructed under the direction of Colonel von Schelliba, who, having all the experience gained in this war to guide him, has succeeded in carrying out a system of defence which will probably serve for the future as a model to military engineers. These forts were not all completed when I was there.

If communication can be maintained between Mobile and the forts at the mouth of the bay, so that they can be supplied with provisions, and they consequently do not fall into the hands of the Federals, it is apparent that the position of Admiral Farragut's fleet in the bay will be a difficult one, as all his supplies must be sent to him by water, running the gauntlet of the two forts; and at the same time he cannot keep command of the bay with only a small portion of his fleet, as the Confederates still have some formidable ironclads and gun-boats left.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from New York, gives the following classification of the political parties into which the people of the Northern States are divided. He says:—

It may interest English readers to be furnished with a statement of the different party organisations at present existing in this country, or rather in the Northern States. By the time a general election takes place it very frequently happens that all the minor cliques fuse into two or three great parties; but previous to the holding of the various conventions, and sometimes until within a month of the election day, such is the freedom or looseness of political action here, that all the varieties and shades of political opinions naturally cohere in separate organisations. The following is a list of the parties already dignified with names and more or less perfect character:—

First—The peace party proper. This is led by such men as Wood, Vandaligham, and Seymour, and is decided in its demand that a peremptory stop shall be put to the war. It will not consider any other question until that is done.

Second—The war party proper. This organisation now includes simply the contractors, office-holders, and so-called "shady" politicians. These men are loud-mouthed advocates of the war, as through it they advance their own selfish ends.

Third—The "Manifest Destiny" and "Universal Yankee" party. This embraces that large class of egotistical Americans—of whom George Francis Train is the exponent—who have brought such dispute upon their country by their insane antics and unconscionable boasting, both at home and in other lands. They still dream of a universal consolidated North American nation; boast of "whipping the whole world," bid defiance to "all creation," and care very little what the precise form of their Government is so that it betrays a desire to carry out their ambitious schemes. These people now act with the Republican party.

Fourth—The Radical, amalgamation, or miscegenation party. This is composed mainly of long-haired "philosophers" and strong-minded women, "humanitarians," and isomites of all shades. Their cardinal doctrine is the amalgamation or miscegenation of the negro and Caucasian races. This mixture, they believe, will produce superior men and women to either the whites or blacks individually.

Fifth—The discontented Republican party, the members of which see that this war is useless, and in their disappointment and anger inveigh against their former party leaders. Their main incentive and hope are the "spoils" of office. This party is scheming to obtain an influence in the Democratic Convention to be held at Chicago, and, failing in this, propose to run Admiral Farragut (provided he is successful at Mobile), for President, with Captain Winslow of the Kearsarge for Vice President.

Sixth—The Copperhead party proper. The sympathies of the men who have formed this organisation are entirely with the South, the success of whom they earnestly desire. They are principally Southern men, although the term is applied as one of reproach to the Democrats generally. It can properly be used only in regard to a very small fraction.

Seventh—The War Democratic party, a sort of mongrel political organisation, which is hoping that the Democrats will carry the next election on a war basis, so that they can have a share in the public plunder, now entirely usurped by the Republicans. Their predilections for a candidate are divided between Major-General Dix and Major-General McClellan. Of the latter, however, they are a little suspicious.

Eighth—The anti-Anglican party. It includes the Fenian Brotherhood and all Irishmen and filibustering Americans who, deplored the immense losses of territory through the secession of the South, look with longing eyes towards Canada. They have no particular principles except their chronic hatred to John Bull.

Ninth—The Fremont party, whose nominations are already made. It is composed of the honest anti-slavery people, who believe slavery a terrible wrong and wish to see it extirpated. The support their candidates will receive will come entirely from the old peace Republican party; in fact, they claim to be the original Republicans of the country; and, indeed, John C. Fremont, their candidate for the presidency, was the first to run in a presidential contest on the Republican platform. He was defeated, you will remember, by Mr. Buchanan in 1856.

Tenth—The Constitutional, or McClellan party. The motto of its followers is, "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." Their candidate is General McClellan; and to-night they are to have a grand mass meeting at Union-square, in this city, at which all the McClellan ward and local clubs and "McClellan minute-men" of the metropolis, numbering over 20,000 members, will attend.

Eleventh—The Old Line Whig party. This is eminently the Conservative organisation as Conservatism is expressed by the ancient Whigs of the United States. Its candidate is ex-President Millard Fillmore; but it is ready to unite with the Constitutional Union organisation.

There are several other cliques of no great importance. They differ so little in political principle from those above mentioned that it is unnecessary to mention them.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has been paying a visit to the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna.

THE INAUGURATION OF A STATUE OF ROSSINI took place at Pesaro on the 21st inst., in presence of a very large number of spectators.

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD was opened at Llandudno on Tuesday. As our readers are probably aware, this annual celebration is designed to perpetuate the Welsh language, as well as to retain a custom which, according to Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, the president of the festival, has existed for 1200 years. The meeting was opened by an extremely quaint proclamation, which was read by the presiding bard in both Welsh and English.

THE ARMIES OF THE SECONDARY STATES OF EUROPE.

THE French *Moniteur de l'Armée* contains an account of the standing armies in the secondary States of Europe—Italy, Spain, Sweden, and the Ottoman Empire, and those of the small European Powers—Portugal, Switzerland, the Papal States, Bavaria, Württemberg, Hanover, Saxony, Baden, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Greece:—

The army commanded by Victor Emmanuel during the campaign of 1859 was composed of five divisions of infantry and one division of cavalry, with eighty pieces of cannon. Those 70,000 Piedmontese, Genoese, and Sardinians have since the peace of Villafranca been amalgamated with Lombards, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans. That amalgamation has quadrupled Victor Emmanuel's army.

Spain, during the reign of Phillip II., had 280,000 men under arms, a force at that period out of proportion with the other States of Europe. After the War of Succession her army was reduced to 75,000 men. Under Charles III., the Spanish army was increased to 90,000 men and 10,000 horses. At the death of Ferdinand the military force consisted of only 60,000 men and 8000 horses. Five years since, when about to commence the war against Morocco, it was increased to 250,000 men, which it still maintains. It commands, likewise, 50,000 provincial militia.

Sweden, with Norway, has at present 180,000 men under arms, a considerable force for a population of 4,000,000 souls; but, being constantly apprehensive of German and Russian encroachment, it is forced to maintain a large standing army. The Swedish army is organised in a manner peculiar to itself. It is partly composed of provincial regiments, of which the privates are supported by the proprietors, and the officers and non-commissioned officers are paid by a grant of Crown lands. There are, likewise, the conscripts, comprising every man from twenty-one to twenty-five years of age, who compose an army of reserve liable to be called out at any moment, and who receive pay while under arms. The Norwegian army, distinct from that of Sweden, but organised in a similar manner, is from 16,000 to 20,000 strong.

The Ottoman Empire finds itself from its position compelled to maintain a large army. It consists of 300,000 good soldiers—patient and brave, as they proved themselves when opposed to the Russians on the Danube and at Silistria in 1854. The army is deficient in generals and officers; but the Sultan is endeavouring to remedy this defect by the establishment of military schools, like those which exist in France. The Turkish army is at present composed of the troops on active service and the *redif*.

The Powers of the second order form, in proportion to the extent of their territories and their financial resources, a military State more considerable than the Powers of the first order. They maintain at present an effective force of nearly 1,000,000 men.

The Portuguese army is 30,000 strong.

It is not easy to appreciate the military force of Switzerland. Each canton has an army of its own, which may be regarded as a national guard rather than a standing army similar to that of other Powers; it may be estimated at 80,000, exclusive of the Landwehr.

The Papal troops are set down at from 7000 to 8000 men.

Bavaria has 100,000 men under arms, and might increase them to 200,000 by calling out the reserve. It supplies the Germanic Confederation with 35,000 troops, forming the 7th Army Corps. Württemberg gives 18,000 men to the Germanic Confederation, which, with 25,000 from Baden and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, compose the 8th Corps of the Germanic Confederation.

Hanover supplies the Confederation with an equal number of troops to Württemberg. They form part of the 10th Corps. It maintains an effective force of 25,000 men.

Saxony, whose troops are incorporated with the 9th Corps of the army of the Confederation, has 26,000 combatants.

Baden supplies the 8th Corp with 10,000 men, and maintains 14,000 soldiers.

Belgium has an army of from 75,000 to 80,000 men.

Holland is rather a naval than a military Power, and has only 20,000 land forces. It possesses, however, a great number of seamen, and an army of 30,000 men in the Indies.

Denmark had never more than from 55,000 to 60,000 combatants.

The King of Greece is now only organising his army, which consisted of 11,000 men in 1861, but was completely disorganised at the revolution of July, 1863.

The third-rate military Powers of Europe have, consequently, an effective force of 450,000 men under arms.

There remain the small European States, many of which form part of the Germanic Confederation, and maintain no troops, except to preserve order in the provinces. Neither do they keep their contingents on foot until they are demanded by the Diet.

The Germanic Confederation cannot be ranked as a military Power of the first order, because it forms an association of Powers which seldom act together. The troops of the Confederation, however, form an army of 550,000 men—consisting of 400,000 infantry of the Line, 30,000 light infantry, 66,000 cavalry, 48,000 artillery, and 6000 engineers. The standing armies of Europe—including those of France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England—consequently amount to not less than 3,000,000 soldiers.

TERrible FOURFOLD MURDER IN FRANCE.

Two men, Jacques Latour, a baker, and François Audony, nicknamed Hercules, are now being tried in the south of France for a most remarkable assassination and robbery committed on the 9th of July last. The facts are these:—

In the valley of the Arize, and close to the village Labastide-Besplas, lies the château of Baillard, a straggling building. In this château lived an old bachelor, a M. Bugad de Lasalle, and three servants, Jean Lacanel, the coachman; Pelagie Bycheire, the maid; and Raymonde Bergé, the cook. M. de Lasalle had a considerable fortune, which he very much neglected; in fact, he was a miser and preferred hoarding up his money even to investing it in Government securities. Public report greatly exaggerated his wealth. He left home but rarely, and had always guns and swords at hand. On the 25th of February last a valet remarked that the shutters of the château were closed at an unusually late hour. After making some inquiries, this man went into the courtyard of Baillard, and called Pelagie; finding no one in the kitchen, he went into the stable, where he saw several pools of blood, and in an obscure corner the body of the maid. He immediately gave the alarm, and an atrocious business was soon brought to light. The body of the maid Pelagie had been discovered on the ground floor. In a wood close by lay the corpse of Jean Lacanel, where it had evidently been dragged from the stable. It is supposed that he was the first victim, and that Pelagie Bycheire was murdered after a long struggle, whilst attempting to assist him. On the first floor, where the two servants slept, was found the body of M. de Lasalle, at the foot of a bed, and behind the bed, half enveloped in the curtains, was Raymonde Bergé, her head nearly severed from her body. It seemed as if she had been the last attacked, and had endeavoured to defend herself with the bed-hangings. The assassin, to accomplish his crime, must have got on the bed, for the sheets showed marks of muddy boots. It is supposed that M. de Lasalle was murdered in an adjoining room. The bodies were fearfully mutilated, and the details of the different wounds showed that unheard of ferocity had been practised on the victims after death. It is hard to account for this brutality otherwise than by supposing that the assassins were endeavouring to mislead justice. M. de Lasalle is said to have had no enemies, and the only motive for the perpetration of the crime was to obtain the treasure he was known to possess. Suspicion immediately fell on a man who went by the name of Pujol. He had been seen several times in the neighbourhood, and had disappeared directly after the assassinations. Had he remained quiet he might have escaped altogether; but he was taken up for wounding and robbery at St. Gérons and Toulouse; and, as the description given of him coincided with Pujol, the matter was examined, and he was found to be the same man who had been seen wandering round Baillard. His name was not Pujol, but Jacques Latour. He was an escaped convict, he had already been in prison for nine years, and his photograph was in every considerable police-station in France. A chain of circumstantial evidence was gone into. Poor before the crime, Latour had his pockets full of notes and gold a few days later. He announced his intention of settling in the neighbourhood and purchasing a farm, and he went so far as to ask the daughter of his host in marriage, but he soon got frightened and went further off. He continually heard the affair of Labastide discussed, and, when told that one of the assassins had been arrested, he declared the report to be false; and on another occasion, when the assassins were accused of having eaten by the side of the dead bodies of their victims, he replied, "And why not? They were hungry." The evidence collected against Jacques Latour is nearly certain to lead to his conviction. He is supposed to have been aided by the other prisoner, against whom no very strong case has been made out.

During the reading of the act of accusation the two accused men, Latour and Audony, were attentively examined. Latour is dark, and has hard expression; his eye is black and brilliant, and he looked around the court with assurance. The lower part of his face projects, and gives him a menacing air, and he is of middle height. Audony, nicknamed Hercules, has a large head, forehead, and face; his neck is muscular, and his shoulders broad. He remains nearly always with his arms crossed. His voice is feeble, and contrasts strangely with his powerful frame. The accused listened to the reading of the act, which seeks to throw upon them the culpability of the death of four persons, with great attention. Latour assumed at times an astonished air, as if he was hearing something quite new to him. Audony seldom lifted his eyes, and he was remarked to redder when a description was given of the horrible way in which the bodies of the murdered people had been mutilated. The prisoner Latour admitted having gone to the château to buy a chicken, addressing himself to Pelagie Bycheire, one of the victims. "You went into the château to buy the chicken?" "No, Sir; I remained outside. We talked a little together. She told me, laughingly, 'Wait; I'll show you a pretty girl of fifteen years.'

"I said, on seeing her, 'She has not had them long.' She then offered me a chicken, which she let me have for a franc and a half. She asked me where I was going. I said, 'By the road,' when she told me I had better pass through the garden. It was then she asked me if I was married. I said, 'No.' 'Well,' said she, 'if you would like to be married at La Bastide, I have five or six nieces, and you shall have your choice.'"

After this conversation, curious if true, thus related by the prisoner, the examination turned upon his previous crimes and accusations. He asserted that he was a phenomenon of Providence, who had ordained that he should be brought before the assizes of Ariège to attest his innocence.

There are no less than 150 witnesses to be examined, amongst them two sisters of M. de Lasalle, and the trial will likely occupy several days.

IRELAND.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.—The riots in Belfast appear now to be at an end; for no outbreaks have taken place since Friday week. The antagonist parties are now at leisure to reckon up the losses they have sustained, and to bury their dead. It was feared that the savage passions would break out again at the funerals of these victims to their own passions and those of their townsmen; but nothing of that kind has yet happened, and the authorities appear now to be in earnest in adopting measures for prevention. The amount of personal injury sustained may be guessed from the following report of the house-surgeon of the General Hospital:—"I beg to report that, during the past week, there were admitted to hospital seventy-five patients, of whom sixty-six were suffering from severe injuries. Upwards of fifty of these cases were the result of the present riots in town, thirty of them being gunshot wounds, and the remainder contusions, lacerations, fractures, and other injuries of a serious character. Besides these cases admitted, there were upwards of sixty treated as outdoor patients, of which the greater portion were gunshot wounds, some of them really of a dangerous character, but which, contrary to advice, did not remain in hospital, in consequence, probably, of a fear of detection by the authorities. Up to this time only two deaths have occurred in the hospital from injuries received in the riots, but several more are to be apprehended. To meet the emergency I have been obliged to engage an additional resident staff, both of medical gentlemen and of nurses. In concluding my report, I cannot refrain from mentioning with the highest praise the exertions of all the resident officials of the institution—house pupils, housekeepers, and nurses—under the extraordinary pressure of duty so suddenly thrown upon them." Since this report was drawn up two persons have died of their wounds, and of three others not the slightest hopes of recovery are entertained. On Saturday last a large number of persons who had been arrested during the riots, either for having arms in a proclaimed district or for taking part in the disturbances, were sent for trial to the city sessions, bail in some cases only being taken. The riots are being succeeded by violent recriminations amongst those who, officially or unofficially, claim to be the leaders of the people in the city. Accusations of negligence, criminal connivance, active assistance even, are being scattered about by the partisans of both sides, and the local press is not the most backward in making serious charges. The ill-feeling on the part of the populace has not yet altogether subsided, as some of the Protestants and Catholics in the mills will not work together. Several threatening notices to masters to dismiss certain workpeople, &c., have also been given, and something like a modified reign of terror appears to prevail in the town. In the matter of arrests, the authorities seem to have been little successful, as the ringleaders have escaped, and only a few of the common rioters remain the hands of the police.

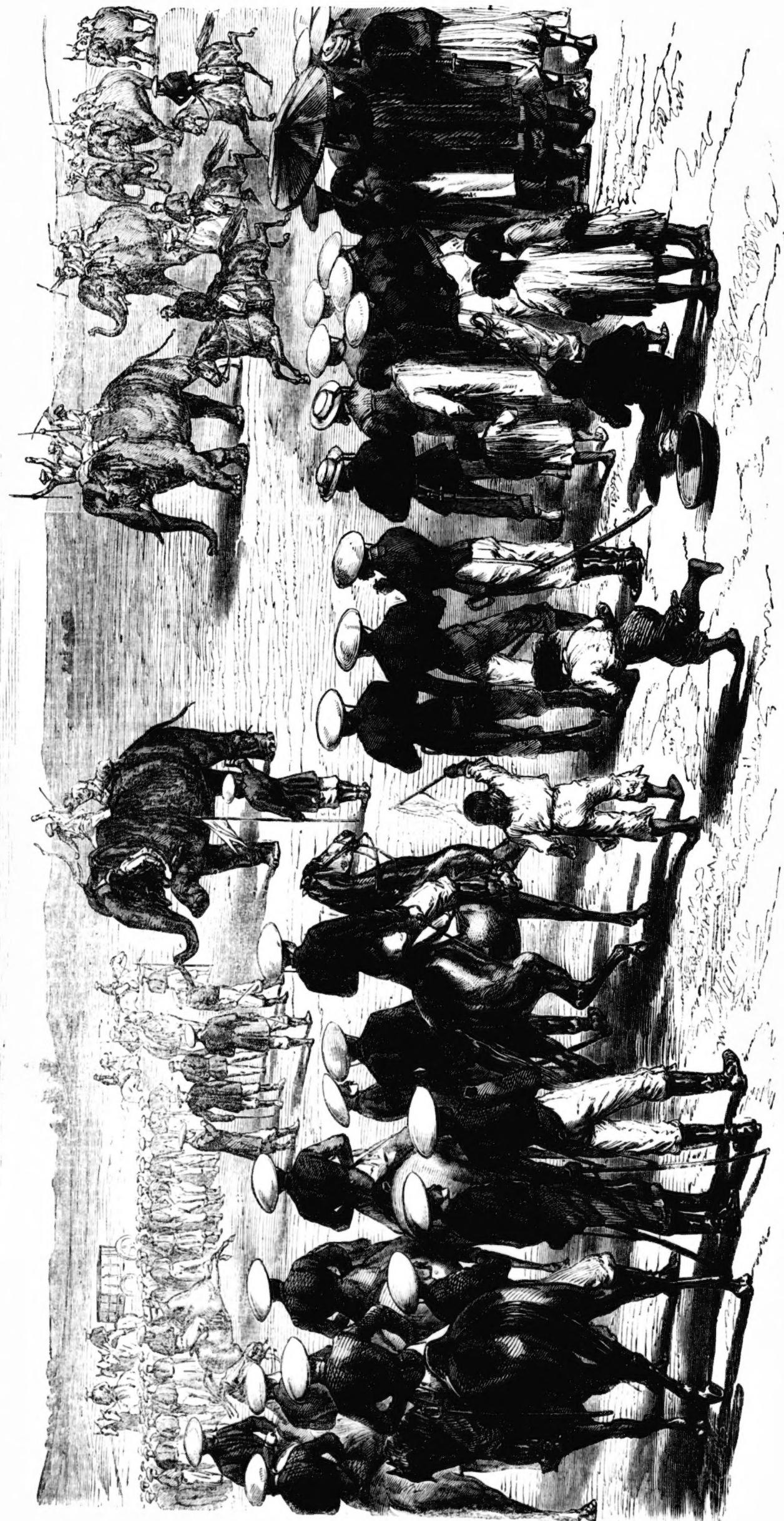
SCOTLAND.

THE CROPS IN THE NORTH.—During the past fortnight the weather in the north of Scotland has been of the most changeable character. Some days it was so piercingly cold—in Aberdeen, for instance—as to give the notion that December had returned—a notion which had a wintry verification by the fact that snow fell on more than one morning in various quarters of the county. This severe cold would for a day or two be followed by a heat more intense than is usually experienced in the very height of summer, causing a rapid change in the appearance of the crops. For the last four or five days the weather has been more settled, and there have been several slight but most welcome falls of rain. The drought has been severely felt in the north, the pasture being scant and stunted. The oat and barley crops are, on the whole, good; and cutting has commenced in Deeside, where harvest will be general about the end of August. Turnips are a fair—in some districts, indeed, a heavy—crop. Potatoes are plentiful in most quarters, healthy and of good size, with no appearance as yet of disease.

THE STONE OF SILENCE.—The *Dunfermline Herald* is responsible for the following story:—"We have many famous stones in the world—principally to be noticed the Stone of Honour and the Blarney Stone. But we doubt if many of our readers ever heard of the Stone of Silence in the Island of Arran. Its discovery happened in this way. An English tourist being recently 'doing' Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Goatfell without a guide. Against this mad project a 'pawky' western Celt, who was wont to get his 'sheeney' money out of adventurous visitors, earnestly sought to dissuade him, for obvious reasons. All his arguments, however, failed, till he convinced the stranger of the utter impossibility of one unacquainted with the locality finding out of himself the really remarkable objects in it. 'For instance,' said he, in his broken English, which it would be vain for us to endeavour to imitate—'For instance,' a happy thought suggesting itself on the spur of the moment, 'there is a stone, and the strange thing connected with it is that if anyone stands upon it he can hear no sound, however loud.' 'Indeed,' said the cockney. 'Try her,' said the Highlander. Upon this the hero of Richmond-hill mounted upon the boulder, and Donald put his mouth into all the grotesque shapes which an enunciation of Gaelic gutturals requires and presupposes, slyly, at the same time, never sounding a note. The cockney, supposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a whisper. Still, not quite satisfied with the experiment, he asked Donald to change places with him, which Donald gravely did. Forthwith the man of steaks and porter began to shout, till the rocks and sides reverberated. Donald stood mute as a statue. Again the Londoner called, but no apparent symptom of auditory susceptibility rose on the stolid features of the imperturbable Celt. 'Most astonishing!' said the cockney; and, forthwith taking out his portfolio, he entered the occurrence as not only the most extraordinary that had come under his notice in his 'travels' but also quite confirmatory of the remark of Donald how necessary it was always to have a 'guide' in surveying Arran. The echo of Killarney, which the Irishman said was so good that if you asked it a question, 'How are you to day?' it would answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you,' is not more wonderful than that this Stone of Silence in our own renowned Island of the West; and it shows an equal facility, at least in the inhabitants of the latter, for grafting to the very top of their bent simple-minded and credulous travellers. The delight with which Donald recounted the triumph of his ready wit can only be understood by those who know his fondness for ready money and snuff."

THE PROVINCES.

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE MERSEY.—All the yards on the Mersey are exceedingly busy. On Saturday last three large ships were launched. The first launch took place at Messrs. Jones, Quiggin, and Co.'s yard. The vessel launched was christened the *Altcar*. The *Altcar* is a steel ship, intended for the East India trade, and has been built for Messrs. C. S. Lemon and Co. The ship has a carrying capacity of about 2000 tons; and



ELEPHANT RACE AT SAIGON.

columns have been mentioned, the author says that none of iron are used. The system of top-lighting, repeated in large courts near the main entrance, might entail all the objections that we have alluded to. The Patent Museum complete is shown as a building square on plan, with side-lighted galleries next the external walls, four staircases, one at each angle, and a glass-covered central court. The basement story, as to the manner of lighting it, is not the same in all the drawings. The general character of this design, decoratively, is that of the works of Bramante. There are broad angles, panelled; there are pilasters; windows that are nearly all arch-headed and furnished with small shafts, sub-arches and ornamented spandrels; there is much sculpture; names of celebrated men are inserted in the frieze; and there is a bold and very effective base-moulding. The materials proposed are stone and granite, or red brick, white terra-cotta mouldings, and red terra-cotta ornament. One merit of the design is in the arrangement of the chief dome central to each elevation and surrounded by the other domes.

In the general arrangement of the plan, the guiding idea has been to have a series of rooms opening out of a longitudinal corridor, with uninterrupted side-light along one side; the object being to divide the museum into a series of comparatively small chambers, as being more suitable for the arrangement of a scientific collection than the large open spaces necessary for more heterogeneous displays or exhibitions.

The principle of lighting adopted is the same that has been employed at the Jernyn-street Museum—namely, through the haunches of the roof. A series of small rooms, with direct top light, is shown on the upper floor, and a large amount of side-lighted space is also obtained on each floor by keeping the corridor of communication open on one side. It is considered that the Curator will have at his disposal every possible variety of light, to suit the great variety of objects which he has to display. This system is much to be preferred to the ordinary hospital-ward system of covering the ground with a series of small two-storyed houses, with insufficient side-lighting from the narrow streets, 20 ft. or 30 ft. wide, between them. The lower floor of a wide building, 70 ft. or 80 ft. high, cannot be lighted from a street some 30 ft. wide.

The communication is simple and straightforward, all the rooms leading directly out of one great corridor on both the ground and upper floors, which corridor is in immediate communication with the principal stairs.

The professor' and microscope rooms are placed in immediate connection with both floors of the museum by stairs at the north end of each room; they are also by this means directly connected with the small galleries, which would probably contain objects of interest to the scientific student which it would not then be desirable to show to the general public, for whom a more typical collection would be arranged in the larger rooms.

In erecting the Natural History building on the east side, the entrance would be in the centre of the east front, with the library immediately over.

SOME NUTS FOR GEOLOGISTS TO CRACK have been discovered in Wales. As the navigators working on the Llanelli and Swansea Extension Railway were excavating at Pontarddulais for the purpose of forming a culvert, and when at the depth of ten feet, a large birch-tree, a hazel-tree with nuts on it, and (extraordinary as it may appear) a large basinful of nuts, were dug up. All these articles were in excellent preservation, although they must have lain there thousands of years.

AN ACCIDENT, which might have been attended with fatal results, took place in a tunnel on the London and North-Western Railway, at Liverpool, on Monday night. Eleven workmen were proceeding with a truck through the Waterloo tunnel to commence work on the line, when the truck came in collision with a goods wagon left standing in the tunnel, without any light to warn advancing trains. The men were thrown off the truck and severely injured, and it is feared that some of them will die.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A BRIDE.—A fatal accident, caused by a chemical match, has lately taken place at Marseilles. A young girl of eighteen, residing in the Rue Longue des Capucins, who had been married in the morning at the Church of St. Theodore, proceeded with her husband and friends into the country to pass the day. The bride, who was walking about in high spirits, was suddenly seen with her dress in a flame, and heard to utter piercing cries. She had trod on a chemical match, which had ignited and set fire to her muslin dress; and in spite of every exertion on the part of those near her the flames could not be extinguished until she had been so dreadfully burnt that she expired on the following morning.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.—A despatch and inclosures from General Cameron, the commander of her Majesty's forces in New Zealand, have been published. From these it appears that, after abandoning the intrenchment at Tauranga, where the English troops suffered so severely, the natives retired to two strong paths in the ranges about ten miles off. Thither, owing to the advanced season—being the middle of the New Zealand winter—it was not deemed prudent to follow them. The settlement of Whanganui being reported in danger, General Cameron transferred his head-quarters to Auckland, and Colonel Warre, with 300 men, was ordered to proceed from New Plymouth to resist the threatened attack; but, in the meantime, the rebels were met and defeated by a body of natives friendly to the English rule, and Whanganui was thus placed in a position of complete safety. Troops were concentrating in Auckland, with the view of being dispatched to any point where their services might be required. Since the affair of Tauranga there has been only one collision with the troops. That occurred in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, where the rebels attacked a redoubt and were repulsed with great loss, whilst there was but one casualty on our side. Until the commencement of September further military operations are not considered practicable in any part of the island.

ABOLITION OF SURREY TURNPIKES.—Active measures are being taken for the removal of the tollbars which press so heavily upon the trade of the south side of the Thames. The Act 27th and 28th Victoria, cap. 75, called "Turnpike Acts Continuance," &c., provides that the six Acts of Parliament in existence as to the turnpikes on the Bermondsey, Deptford, and Rotherhithe roads, the Greenwich and Woolwich Lower road, the New Cross roads, and the Surrey and Sussex roads, which latter keep up the gates at Walworth, Kennington Park, and Wandsworth road, shall "continue in force until the 1st of November next year, and no longer, unless Parliament in the meantime continues the same;" the object being that, unless these several trusts are continued by individual private Acts of next Session, they shall be determined on the 31st of October, 1865, and the roads then set free from toll gates and bars. Sir George Grey has stated in a communication to a deputation which waited upon him on this subject, that such is the intention of the Home Office, and he has also addressed a very flattering letter to the Earl of Lonsdale, for the course taken by the Metropolis Roads Commissioners last year in carrying through the Act in reference to the removal of the gates on the north side of the Thames. A committee of wharfingers, millowners, and inhabitants on the Surrey side has been formed to prosecute the proceedings necessary for the removal of the gates on the south.

CAPTURE OF THE GEORGIA.—The Federal steam-frigate Niagara brought up in Dover Roads on Wednesday morning, having on board Captain Withycombe and thirty-three men belonging to the screw-steamer Georgia, which is the property of a British merchant resident in Liverpool, and was captured by the Niagara while sailing under the British flag, on Monday, Aug. 15, about twenty miles off Lisbon. The capture was made by the commodore in command of the Niagara on the ground that the Georgia was formerly a belligerent ship, and in the service of the Confederate States as the celebrated cruiser of that name. It seems, however, that the Georgia was purchased some few months ago by Mr. E. Bates, shipowner, of Liverpool, and some nice questions of an international character will, therefore, possibly arise out of this proceeding on the part of the Niagara. The Georgia, it appears, was under orders for Lisbon, having been chartered by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of conveying passengers between that place and the African coast or the West Indies. She had been regularly fitted up for this traffic, having accommodation for thirty first class and twenty second-class passengers. There is reason to believe that the American Commodore was kept informed of the object and destination of the vessel, and that she had been closely watched at Liverpool. This was her first voyage under her new ownership, and her crew had all received a month's pay in advance. Nothing unusual occurred till she arrived about twenty miles off Lisbon, when the Niagara was seen apparently waiting for her. Captain Withycombe did not deviate from his course until brought to with a couple of shots fired across his bows. He was shortly afterwards boarded by an armed boat's crew in command of an officer of the Niagara, who requested his attendance before the Commodore. He protested against the insult which had been offered to the flag under which he was sailing, and insisted that, as the Georgia was a British ship engaged in legitimate and peaceable traffic, no right could exist under which his course could be arrested. Upon getting on board the Niagara, the Commodore explained that it was his duty to seize the Georgia, but that he desired to cause Captain Withycombe and his crew as little discomfort as possible. The ship's papers were then taken possession of, and the crew detained as prisoners till the Niagara reached Dover, when they were landed and conveyed to the Dover Sailors' Home, where they were kindly received. Thence they will be forwarded to Liverpool. The Niagara, which is a magnificent steamer, resembling somewhat our Himalaya, saluted on bringing up in the bay—a compliment which was returned by the artillery from the castle batteries. Soon after landing Captain Withycombe and his crew she steamed off in the direction of the Downs.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

Now that there is reason to hope that we have read the final report of bloodshed in the streets of Belfast, the matter becomes one which falls within the province of calm investigation and steady consideration.

The whole affair has been so curiously beside and away from all English rule and manner of conduct, that it is difficult for us, on this side of St. George's Channel, to realise the possibility of the facts. Firstly: Certain persons in Dublin set about the erection of a statue to the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Surely no Englishman could conceive in such an act any ground of offence to living man. While the Liberator was yet alive, he was not hated in our country, against which he railed continuously in good set terms. We respected and admired him for many powerful and excellent qualities. When the prosecution against him failed, there was no lamentation on that account from the English press or people. His great triumph upon the Catholic Emancipation question was approved by the country, and was, in fact, effected by our own Parliament. He was a bold, untiring orator, and his humour had in its character something even more English than Irish, inasmuch as it was remarkable for breadth rather than for subtlety. We have seen and heard him speaking, at Exeter Hall, in the very stronghold of our English Protestantism, and being cheered by our own pious folk, utterly heedless of all his previous exertions in the cause of his Roman-Catholic fellow-countrymen. The announcement, therefore, that such a man was to have his statue in Sackville-street, Dublin, excited no apprehensions, caused no protest, from "the Saxon."

It was reserved for the great Repealer's own countrymen, for the Orange-lodge men and the roughs of Belfast, to get up a counter-demonstration of vulgar insult to the memory of the dead. The burning of an effigy of O'Connell was intended, clearly, as something more than this. It was a direct challenge. We can conceive no parallel for it in London; since, even if the foreign denizens of Leicester-square were to meet to burn a straw Duke of Wellington on Westminster Bridge our loyal classes would scarcely rush to arms to avenge such a piece of stupid bad taste. But in Ireland people argue, or rather feel, differently on such subjects. It is useless to say, that the magistrates should at once have repressed a demonstration so well calculated to lead to a disturbance of the peace. It is easy enough to point to every stage of these unhappy riots, and show how, by exercise of vigorous common sense, the progress of mischief might have been stayed. Still, it happens to be one of the most just and inevitable of punishments for such culpable inefficiency as has been displayed in this case by the authorities, that every one with pretensions to judgment can show how matters ought to have been managed.

The cost of the riot will fall, not upon the evildoers, but upon those who, having property in Belfast, will be called upon to contribute as ratepayers. As to the action of the criminal law, we may safely assume that to be, in this instance, almost a nullity. It would be clearly unfair to select juries from one party or the other for the trial of prisoners. If mixed juries be empanelled, then, as has already been demonstrated in the case of a coroner's inquest on one of the victims, there will be no agreement upon a verdict. It remains to consider the causes of the outbreak.

This is, no doubt, to be traced, secondarily, to sectarian influences exercised by the spiritual directors of the district. We cannot be suspected of partiality in blaming both sides alike in this respect. It is not a little suggestive that some of the clergy of Belfast have been long distinguished by nicknames descriptive of the violence with which they have striven to enforce their opinions. But primarily, after all, the fault lies less with the priesthood on either side than with the flocks with whom they have had to deal. It is an inevitable rule in politics that the ruling minds shall always reflect the dominant characteristics of those below. When they fail to do so, they are supplanted. The King of Dahomey himself is but the personified, intensified savagery of his nation. Peter the Hermit did not create, but concentrated and directed, the superstition and bellicosity of his age. What emperors, kings, leaders, and priests have done in all time, has been the reflex of the people whom they have apparently led. It is vain and foolish to attempt to reform a people by instructing their chief men only in wisdom. The Irish people have now had a sample of the horrible wanton mischief, the useless suffering, and the utter failure, so far as any practical end is concerned, of appeals to the passions of mobs. We can only hope that the lesson will make a lasting

impression even upon the Hibernian mind; and that leading men, whether lay or clerical, of both sections of the people, will in future labour rather to mollify and repress, than to intensify and excite, the prejudices and passions of the populace.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A MARRIAGE BETWEEN PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY AND PRINCESS ANNA MURAT is understood to be decided upon. Count Popoli having formally demanded the hand of the Princess. The Prince has been visiting Copenhagen, but is expected in Paris to-morrow, when he will be introduced to his bride. He will afterwards visit this country.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS still continues seriously ill at Exeter.

REAPING BY STEAM has been this season extensively practised in the New Forest.

COLONEL M'MURDO has intimated his intention of resigning the inspectorship of volunteers, the duties of which office he has ably and efficiently performed since the commencement of the movement.

ONE OF THE EDITORS of the Paris journal *La France* has been sent out to Mexico to establish an official *Moniteur* in the capital of the new empire.

THE ENGLISH DETECTIVES have reached New York, and are awaiting the arrival of Müller, the supposed murderer of Mr. Briggs.

MRS. YELVERTON (née Mrs. Forbes) is about to commence an action for a judicial separation. At least, so says an Irish newspaper.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY is to be reduced, but whether permanently or not does not appear.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTOR announces that he has just patented an article which will afford perfect protection against any railway assaults.

A GREAT MANY GERMAN VOLUNTEERS are daily enlisting for service under the Emperor Maximilian.

LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY has resolved to give a park for the use of the inhabitants of Crieff. The ground selected stretches from the upper part of Burrell-street West to the Wool Mills, and extends to about twelve acres.

THE NEW BELGIAN CHAMBERS were opened, on Tuesday, without any speech from the Throne. It is expected that the Session will last only a few days.

M. DANTAN has composed the plaster model of a bust of Meyerbeer, which is to be executed in marble and placed in the Conservatoire. The eminent artist has produced a striking likeness.

A VICTIM OF SEA-SICKNESS described the sensation thus:—"The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second hour I was afraid I shouldn't."

THE PALATINATE OF AUGUSTOWO has been incorporated with the Russian empire, but under a Polish Governor. Augustow has hitherto been part of Poland.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON informs the volunteers that the "efficient" badge should consist of a ring of silver lace round the sleeve of the right arm, above the cuff, passing over any other lace or embroidery which may belong to the uniform, and should not be made in the form of a chevron.

A FARMER, named Rolfe—whom, when a child, Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of "The Infant Hercules"—is still living, at Beaconsfield.

A LARGE SHOAL OF WHALES was seen off the Ferne Islands on Sunday and Monday last—a circumstance which is generally indicative of the vicinity of great quantities of herrings.

MICHAEL LYNCH, a farmer at Dromduff, near Bantry, Ireland, has been shot dead and his skull smashed in, not many yards from his own house. A man named Jack Harrington, whom Lynch had imprisoned, is in custody on suspicion.

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress for the purchase, by the Great Northern Railway, of Otterspool Estate, Algburth. The price stated is £140,000. The railway company, it is said, purpose appropriating the land for docks.

THE DUTY UPON CORN AND GRAIN will, on and after the 1st of September next, under the provisions of the Act 27 Vic., cap. 18, become chargeable by weight, and, in lieu of the present rate of 1s. per quarter that of 3d. per cwt will be levied.

THE PIES SUPPLIED TO THE FEDERAL ARMY are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out, "I say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

MRS. EMMA COUZENS, a woman of intemperate habits, placed herself before a Great Northern Railway train and was killed. She had previously written to her sister, saying, "Before you receive this I shall be no more." She had attempted suicide before.

FREE-TRADE PRINCIPLES are at length extending to Spain, and a liberal modification of the customs tariff with France is spoken of as about to be proposed to the Cortes by the Finance Minister.

A SEXTON AT CARDIFF, who was digging a grave, was overwhelmed by a fall of earth from a grave adjoining. He remained with his head only above the soil for two or three hours, when he was discovered and dug out.

GARIBALDI having resigned the office of Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, all the lodges of his jurisdiction have been convoked for the 15th of September, to elect his successor. It is said that their choice will most probably fall on M. Mordini.

A GERMAN CHURCH at Joliette, Canada, was struck by lightning on the 31st ult., while the congregation were assembled. Eight persons were killed and eleven injured.

THE AUSTRALIA, CHINA, AND INDIA MAIL which lately arrived is the largest ever brought to this country. It contained nearly 140,000 letters, upwards of 80,000 newspapers, and more than 3000 registered letters.

SNOW FELL HEAVILY ON MONT Cenis on the 15th inst. The crests of the Alps which surround Turin were white. That fact, the journals state, explains the lower temperature which had suddenly taken place in that capital.

A QUESTION is to be raised, at the solicitation of a minor dignitary of the Church, as to whether two Roman Catholics who were formerly clergymen of the Established Church should be permitted to be members of the Bar, which profession they have chosen.

THE VICTORIA CROSS has been conferred on Lieut.-Colonel John Carstairs McNeill, 107th Regiment, for the valour and presence of mind which he displayed in New Zealand on the 30th of March, 1864, on which occasion he gallantly rescued Private Vosper, of the Defence Force, from a body of natives.

THE AUSTRALIANS have hit upon an oddly clever device for correcting universal suffrage. The law arranges that when a man comes up to vote, "if not on the municipal roll," he must pay one shilling, and it is found that the list of voters is thereby often reduced one half.

A SCOTCH BARBER, who was much given to dram-drinking, was one day shaving a customer, who, finding the fumes of the whisky too much for him, in the middle of the job lost his patience, and exclaimed, "That horrid drink!" The barber replied, emphatically, "Ay, ay, Sir, it does mak' the face awfu' tender."

LARGE QUANTITIES OF SILVER PENNIES, chiefly of the reign of Henry III., have lately been found at the same spot near Eccles. The extent of the deposit may be gathered from the fact that the total quantity of these coins found numbers about 6400 pieces, having an aggregate weight of about 21 lb. avoidulps.

AN EXHIBITION OF CATS has been proposed and seriously entertained. We have not heard the locale for this last phase of the show mania, and shall take care to give it a wide berth when we do. The yelping of five hundred curs would be nothing to the caterwauling of a thousand cats: a number of "extraordinary" tabbies—in the opinion of their owners which could easily be mustered in London alone.

THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON gave a picnic on Saturday in the New Forest to the scores of children who attend the ragged schools in that town. They marched through Southampton, attended by a band of Turkish musicians belonging to the Turkish line-of-battle ship the *Peik Nasret*, lying at that port. The band accompanied the children into the forest.

A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE NILE is being organized by the Venetian Miami. On his application, the Austrian Government proposed a subvention of 6000 florins, which, however, was refused by the Diet, and the necessary funds have accordingly been supplied by a subscription opened by several Consuls in Alexandria and taken up by the most eminent houses in Trieste.

THE STOKER OF A SHREWSBURY AND HEREFORD TRAIN, who was oiling the engine, slipped off, and the whole train passed over him. He had, however, fallen into a slight hollow between the rails, and escaped with the loss of three fingers, which were hanging by the skin when he got up. He took hold of them with his other hand, tore them off and threw them away, and seemed to feel so little pain that he wanted to pursue his journey to Hereford.

THE KING OF ITALY has just purchased of Mr. M. Webster, of Allerton, near Pickering, Yorkshire, his celebrated entire horse *Canute*; and of Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, his equally renowned horse General Williams. The pair are famous for their victories at the various agricultural shows. The exact prices have not transpired, but very long figures have been obtained.

A FEARFUL COLLISION took place on the West Midland Railway, near Pontypool, on Tuesday evening. An excursion-train from Worcester ran into a goods-train. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but a large number of persons were seriously bruised.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THERE is positively nothing whatever doing in town. Every-body is away except those who are going away; and men with a visiting-list half a yard long find themselves alone and desolate, even in their clubs. The very waiters look down on a man in town at this time, and the only method of recovering their good opinion is to let them know that at the latest the lisper will be "somewhere" on the 1st. They are very exacting as to the manners and habits of their *clientèle*, are waiters.

The "silly season," as the *Saturday Review* calls it, is at its height. Enormous gooseberries and marvellous aerolites are in full force in local newspapers, and happy are the sub-editors who can "congratulate their worthy fellow-townsmen, Mr. Such-a-One, on the beautiful effect produced in his back yard by the painting of his pump and water-butt." The liveliness of the green employed by the artist, the clever Mr. So-and-So, of High-street, has a most happy effect when taken in juxtaposition with the sombre grey of the stone walls which divide Mr. Such-a-One's extensive premises from the National School," &c., &c.

Thermometers and barometers must undergo fearful exertion in this weather. First it is hot—then it is cold—then wet—then dry. The needles can hardly know what they are about, but must envy the happy fate of those weather-registers hung up in less variable climates.

I am compelled to fall back on the "enormous gooseberry" and "marvellous aerolite" sort of news, *faute de mieux*. A woman, if I remember rightly, of the name of Clarke, has recently given to the world three children at a birth. A subscription has been very properly got up, and considerable sympathy expressed for her praiseworthy conduct. I should not mention this if one of the subscribers had not sent his "mite" under the—what shall I call it?—pseudonym, if you like, of "One whose quiver is full!" "A Grandad of Twins" also figures in the list of enthusiastic sympathisers with what, at least, must be considered a somewhat dangerous precedent.

You have heard of the cry of "Hé Lambert!" which with the Parisian populace has become almost as popular as the yell of "How's your poor feet?" was with us some time ago. The joke is, that Messieurs the Police of Paris considered it a seditious watchword, and endeavoured to suppress it. Several "warnings" were given, and, I believe, some few people arrested. A gendarme with highly-trained ears and a keen nose for a conspiracy might detect a similarity between "Hé Lambert!" and "L'Empire!" Thus, "Hé Lambert!" might be shouted by one voice, and another might respond, "C'est moi!" and these added together would make "L'Empire c'est moi!" Again, a treasonable pun might be intended: *L'homme pire* might be a reflection on the Emperor. It is sometimes dangerous to have a too appreciative police.

I am tired of repeating the old truism that truth is stranger than fiction: but I may say that fact is more extravagant than intentional fun. You will remember in "Pickwick" the "Brick-lane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Society"—well, in Wednesday's papers there was an account of a dispute between two female members of the Star of the East Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress, Trust No. 2. This certainly out-Dickenses Dickens!

Captain Burton, who has been everywhere, and, notably, to Mecca and Medina, Salt Lake City, and up and down the West Coast of Africa, has latterly been spending three months with that most desirable of hosts the King of Dahomey. The result of his experience will be shortly made public in a two-volume work to be published by Tinsley Brothers, who will issue about the same time an important historical work by Miss Freer, entitled "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," mother of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarch of history.

Spite, however, of the foregoing and other announcements for the coming season, publishing seems to have come to a pretty pass. If what one reads be true, it already has its equivalent to the large slop houses, where, instead of needlewomen, authors are ground down most miserably in price, and where £10 is paid for a story, which, after running for five months through the "St. James's Magazine," is chopped up into fragments and printed as a two-volume novel, price one guinea. When the author writes to the *Athenaeum* to complain of the miserable pittance she received, Messrs. Maxwell and Co., with a great display of virtuous indignation, protest they never made so much as a penny out of the unfortunate author's writings. Fancy a leading story, for five months in a shilling magazine, afterwards turned into a two-volume novel, now advertised as in a second edition, all for the sum of £10, and not a penny profit made by the transaction! Who would write or publish books after that I should like to know?

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—The Royal Insurance Company held its annual meeting on the 6th inst., when it was announced that the year 1863 had been the most prosperous that the company had experienced. The directors' report showed the largest total income from fire premiums yet received (£341,688); the most considerable increase over the preceding years' premiums ever attained (£40,977); the largest advance in duty paid to Government in any single year, being £12,793; the greatest amount of new life assurances granted in any similar period (£752,546); and an amount of profit realised (£83,545) exceeding that of any former year. The report further notified continuous development of business during the first half of the present year. During this period, it appears that the new life assurances have exceeded half a million sterling. The dividend declared was at the rate of seven shillings per share, which will absorb £34,100, leaving the large balance of £49,444 to be carried forward.

THE SILVER USED IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A series of papers, addressed by MM. Davanne and Girard to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of photography, make some curious revelations with regard to the waste of precious metals in the operation. For instance, the silver alone which is employed for photographs in Paris amounts to several millions of francs. Now, as only 3 per cent of the silver employed remains on the photograph, 97 per cent will continue to be lost unless some method be found for recovering it. MM. Davanne and Girard, who make this startling announcement, propose that plates of copper be put into the argentiferous liquid, whereby, in the course of three or four days, the silver will be precipitated in a spongy state.

MUTINIOUS SPIRIT OF GRANT'S ARMY.—The North is appalled by the discovery which has been made since the dreadful Federal disaster before Petersburg, that the white soldiers of the Yankee army are in a condition of revolt against their officers, and positively decline to again assault the Confederate works. A great deal of blame has been attached to Generals Grant, Meade, and Burnside for what appears to have been a most outrageous blunder on their part in ordering their troops to charge against successive lines of Confederate defences; but it is discovered that the trouble is not with them—not with any of the general officers—but with the troops, who refuse now to again assail the line of their enemy's intrenchments—although it is an undoubted fact that had the assault of Saturday last been vigorously followed up they could have been carried. The North was never in so great a panic as it is to-day, and this is the cause of it. In truth, can the soldiers be blamed for their determination? The campaign, since the crossing of the Rapidan by Grant, in May, has been one pitiless slaughter. The Federal Lieutenant-General has earned for himself the title of the Suvarrow of America. He has not managed to win the affections of his army, and has been so careless and lavish of the lives of his men that he is now distinguished, both in and out of the ranks of his soldiers, by the sobriquet of "the Illinois butcher." The number of men in the unfortunate army of the Potomac killed, wounded, and captured, since its crossing of the Rapidan, is not less than 125,000, of which nearly one fourth have been killed outright.—*Letter from New York.*

LORD PALMERSTON AT TIVERTON.—Lord Palmerston has many times promised to visit his constituents, but gout and politics have hitherto prevented the fulfilment of the promise. On Tuesday, however, he went, and had a most enthusiastic reception. The Mayor and Corporation met him at the railway station, and escorted him to his hotel. In front of that building a large crowd had gathered, and his Lordship addressed the people from one of the windows. There was nothing remarkable in his speech, which was simply a good-humoured complimentary acknowledgment of the warmth of his reception. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet. In replying to the toast of his health, he adverted to the motives which had guided him in selecting men to fill high positions in the Church, and pointed out that the rule Bishops should lay down for their guidance was the alloying of sectarian animosities and scrupulous respect for the right of every man to judge on religious subjects for himself. The noble Lord also vindicated the foreign and financial policy of the Government, and claimed credit for having preserved the country at peace in the midst of the many broils which have distracted the rest of the world during his tenure of office.

AMONG THE LAKES.

AGAIN I date from the lake district. My purse still holds out, and be sure that, so long as there is a golden shiner left therein, I will not see London again. I wish from my heart that you, Mr. Editor, were here; but that cannot be. Somebody must stop at home to keep watch and ward. Cabinet Ministers cannot all go holiday-making at once. At Downing-street there is at least one Chief Secretary of State told off to watch while the others play. Well, if you cannot be with me in the body, come with me in fancy. Since I last wrote I have been a-fishing; not trout-fishing, that is a delusion here. I have seen scores of young men, with basket on back and a band of artificial flies round their wideawakes, dexterously throwing the fly in the streams, and lakes, and tarns; but I have not seen a trout caught yet. My opinion is that trout—all the assertions of the interested boatmen to the contrary notwithstanding—are very scarce here. And this is the reason why. The lakes abound with pike and perch, and your trout can no more live where these voracious fish abound than chickens can live where hawks and kites are abroad. Neither are char plentiful. Tradition tells us that some of the lakes—Windermere—was once full of them; but they, too, have disappeared, or are rapidly becoming extinct. I, then, did not venture for trout, but for perch. I took a boat at Grasmere, and, proceeding to a notable perch ground, managed to bag, by aid of my boatman, some forty respectable fish in about two hours and a half. But, if the truth must be told, not more than a quarter of these must be credited to my line. I am an old hand at trolling and perch-fishing; but on this occasion I was so charmed, so spellbound, I may say, by the scene around me that I forgot to watch my float, and lost many a fish that had done all that could be reasonably expected to get itself hooked. Just imagine the scene, and you will not be surprised at this:—The air is clear and mild, the lake smooth as glass. The mountains on every side, behind me and ahead, are grand and solemn as doom. Just before me, on the grassy bank of the lake, cowering beneath a steep and lofty mountain, lies the village of Grasmere, with its antique church, under the walls of which Wordsworth lies buried. As I survey this scene, so quiet, so solemn, what wonder that I neglect my float! Even my companion, though he is on the lake every day, and might be thought to be steeled by custom against all poetry, was touched by it; and as for me,

Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep,
Dear God! the very houses seemed asleep.

But as the sun sinks below Dunmaur Rise the scene becomes still more and more solemn and beautiful; for now the lake becomes a mirror, reflecting every object within its range: the mottled sky above, the amber light of the setting sun, and, most wonderful of all, the great mountains are all there as clear to the eye below as they are above. Indeed, so perfect is this reflection that it is difficult to tell where the image of the mountains ends and the reality begins. Whilst I glance down at the lake and up at the sky, I feel a superstitious awe creeping over me. All seems so unreal, so ghostly, so weird. My boatman looks more like a spirit than a corporeal presence. But now the night settles calmly down upon the lake, and it is time to depart. "Boatman," I ask, "must I go back to Grasmere?" "No, Sir," he replies; "I will row you to the bank there; and if you climb over that wall—which you can easily do, for you will find projecting stones to help you—you will get on to the road, and save at least half a mile." And this was done; and as I walked home to Rydal I was favoured with another scene which I shall not soon forget, for a quarter of an hour after I left the lake the full moon rose over Kirkstone Fell, and "o'er the mountains and the valleys her silver mantle threw." Nor were there wanting sounds to serenade me as I plodded onward. By my side murmured a rippling "beck"; the owls, too, awoke, and began to cry aloud—owl answering owl from Nab-Scaw and the opposite Loughrigg Fell, as farmyard cocks challenge each other at break of day. These owls are my delight. I often stroll out at night to listen to their "merry note." But here is my home.

Since my fishing expedition I and my party have shot out upon an excursion to Keswick and Derwentwater, a distance of about seventeen miles from Rydal. We took a car in preference to the coach; it is the pleasantest mode of travelling, and, when you have four or five in your party, the cheapest. Derwentwater is about half a mile from the dull old town of Keswick, which used to be famous for its black-lead mines, whence was got the famous mineral of which Brookman and Langdon, in times gone by, made their drawing-pencils. These mines, however, have failed, and now Keswick is famous for nothing. But Derwentwater remains, and will remain for ever. This is said to be the most beautiful lake in the district, and really it is surpassingly beautiful. It is surrounded by a wall of mountains rising from its banks. At one end Skiddaw lifts up its mighty peak; at the other, Scafell. We took a boat at the Keswick end of the lake, and rowed the whole length of the water. Our goal was Lodore—the famous waterfall of Lodore. But Lodore, as a waterfall, disappointed us; for, being short of water, it did not perform with its wonted force. We were, however, amply compensated by the beauty of the chasm through which the waters of Lodore tumble down into the lake below. We clambered up this chasm, and our delight at the scene which lay before us as we sat on a huge boulder in the centre of the rift was as wild as the scene itself. That was a pleasant excursion to Derwentwater, rather pleasanter than one to the same place which was lately undertaken by a party lodging at Ambleside. These good people—two gentlemen and three ladies—having seen Derwentwater, were tempted by reports of a short cut to seek a way across the fells into Borrowdale and thence again across the fells to Grasmere. The way by the road to Ambleside is some seventeen miles; by crossing the mountains the journey may be reduced perhaps to twelve. But, as the proverb says, the furthest way round is the nearest way home. And so these bold adventurers found it; for they lost their way on the fells, as they naturally would do; and, though they started early in the morning, did not arrive at Ambleside until eleven o'clock at night. There is a path doubtless across these fells, if you could but track it; but these mountain paths have a way of hiding themselves. You go on, it may be a mile or so, merrily enough, when suddenly your path ends in a morass, or is all grown over by rank grass. This was the case, I imagine, with these tourists. "But what matter, our goal lies there, and to that we will direct our steps." Suddenly, however, they are brought up by an impassable stream, or a sheer cliff, or a swamp. They then diverge, but only to meet with other obstacles, until by turning and turning they get bewildered, and, in short, lose their reckoning and know not where they are or which way lies their home. For many hours these excursionists wandered distractedly over the fells, the winds howling around them and the pitiless rain remorselessly pelting them, for it was wild and stormy. And so they roved about aimlessly, until the night shadows came and despair stared them in the face; wet, cold and hungry, there seemed nothing before them but a night on the mountains, for to move on a Cumberland fell after dark is to tempt destruction. Fortunately, however, at this critical juncture, a shepherd by the merest chance crossed their path and got them on to the right track. It was nearly ten o'clock at night, though, before they got on to the highroad, and, as I have said, past eleven when they reached Ambleside. They had been afoot fourteen hours, and probably had tramped some thirty miles instead of seventeen.

A LOUNGER.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES.—The Paris journal the *Ultramontane Union* states that Francis, ex-King of Naples, is on the eve of quitting Rome. It is stated that, having been summoned to an interview with Antonelli, Cardinal Secretary, he there found awaiting his presence Count de Sartiges and Baron de Bach, who delicately hinted to the Bourbon Prince the opinion of their respective Governments that his further stay within the Papal territory was inexpedient, and that the sooner he hastened his departure the more satisfactory would it be to all parties interested in maintaining the tranquillity of the Peninsula. Spain or Germany is mentioned as likely to be the Royal exile's future residence.

THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE WORKS.

THE WORKMEN'S TRAIN FROM CROSSNESS TO PLUMSTEAD. The south bank of the Thames, some two or three miles from Woolwich, has been for many months a busy scene, owing to the vast works in progress in connection with the South Outfall of the great sewers at Crossness. Here are situated the great reservoirs for the reception of the sewage; and the engine-house to contain the four great steam-engines which will be employed in driving the pumps necessary for raising the sewage to the required level for its discharge into the river.

The site being nearly three miles from Plumstead, across the marshes, a tramway has been laid down from Plumstead to the works for the conveyance of the men and such material as is not brought by water. This tramway, with its special train containing the many hundred workmen leaving for the day, pursuing its way through the fields of golden grain, forms the subject of our Illustration. In the distance is shown a general view of the works and river, and, to the left, the outer signal-house of the artillery practice-ground.

THE MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS.

The main sewers of London run north and south, and fall into the Thames at right angles to it. The intercepting sewers fall from west to east, crossing at right angles the existing sewers which discharge into the intercepting lines at such points of crossing.

On the north side of the Thames the intercepting sewers are divided into three distinct lines, two of which, called respectively the High-Level and Middle-Level Sewers, unite at and pass over the River Lee; and the third, the Low-Level, after passing through the Thames Embankment, will join them at the proposed pumping-station at Abbey Mills. Three parallel sewers, called the Northern Outfall Sewer, each 9 ft. by 9 ft., are constructed as one work, in a concrete embankment, and are carried by aqueducts over rivers, roads, and railways to the Barking Reservoir.

On the south side of the Thames there are three lines of intercepting sewers, also known as the High-Level, the Middle-Level, and the Low-Level; and these converge to one point at Deptford pumping-station, where the sewage from the Low-Level is lifted into the Upper-Level Sewers, and their united stream flows thence under Greenwich and Woolwich, through one Outfall Sewer, 11½ ft. in diameter, to the Crossness Reservoir and Pumping Station, in Erith Marshes.

Three fourths of London north of the Thames are elevated so far above the river that the sewage can be conveyed by gravitation to the level of high water at Barking; and this is why the sewers are carried in an embankment at such a height above the level of the marshes and no pumping station is needed at the outfall.

On the south side the levels are so low that this cannot be done, and therefore the Outfall Sewer is underground, and a pumping-station is placed at its outlet to raise the sewage into the reservoir.

The High, Middle-Level, and Outfall Sewers on both sides of the Thames are now, with the exception of a very few minor connections and works, completed. The Low-Level Sewer on the south side will be finished this year; but the Northern Low-Level Sewer cannot be completed until the Thames Embankment is finished. About one third of the metropolitan sewage is now intercepted and discharged at the outfalls; and there can be little doubt that but for this the river would have been much more offensive this dry season than it has yet been.

The levels of the reservoirs are such that all the sewage which will be constantly flowing into them can be discharged into the river through culverts carried into its bed within two hours of high water, and thus it will be diluted by the full volume of the stream, and carried down by the entire strength of the tide to a distance of twelve miles below the point of discharge, which is equivalent to having the point of discharge at low water, twenty-six miles below London Bridge. Culverts are constructed at the head of each reservoir, which will be filled by the tide every high water; and, by lifting penstocks after the reservoirs are emptied, the tidal water thus pent up will be discharged into the reservoirs and will scour away all deposit.

THE NORTHERN OUTFALL RESERVOIR.

The Northern Outfall Reservoir was constructed by Mr. Furness, the contract price being £164,000. It covers an area of about ten acres, and is capable of containing 6,243,000 cubic feet, or 39,000,000 gallons of sewage. Its depth is about 17 ft., and it is divided into four compartments. The foundations of the walls and piers have been carried down to the gravel, which is, on the average, about 18 ft. below the surface. The marshes were protected from inundation before these excavations were made by the formation in the river of a cofferdam, a portion of which still remains to protect the river bank. There are sixteen openings in the side of the outfall sewers through which the sewage flows into the reservoirs, as regulated by the penstocks; and underneath them are sixteen openings, also regulated by penstocks, for the outflow of the sewage into the river at the time prescribed. The discharge-culverts into the river are visible only at the time of low water; they are nine in number, and in front of them is a stone-paved apron.

THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL WORKS, ETC.

The Southern Outfall Reservoir and buildings are being constructed by Mr. William Webster. The contract price is £300,000, and the engines are in course of erection by Messrs. Watt and Co., at the contract price of £44,900.

The drainage from the low-lying districts of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Newington, Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney, and other places will have been previously pumped at the station at Deptford Creek from the Low Level Sewer up to the High Level Sewers, which carry off the drainage of Nunhead, Dulwich, Norwood, Brixton, and Clapham. From Deptford the united stream will flow through the Outfall Sewer to Crossness pumping-station, where it will be lifted into the reservoir. The maximum quantity of sewage to be pumped is estimated at 8000 cubic feet per minute, and the lift as varying from 10 ft. to 20 ft. Triple culverts will convey the sewage to and from the pumps: they are built over each other, to avoid the expense of separate foundations.

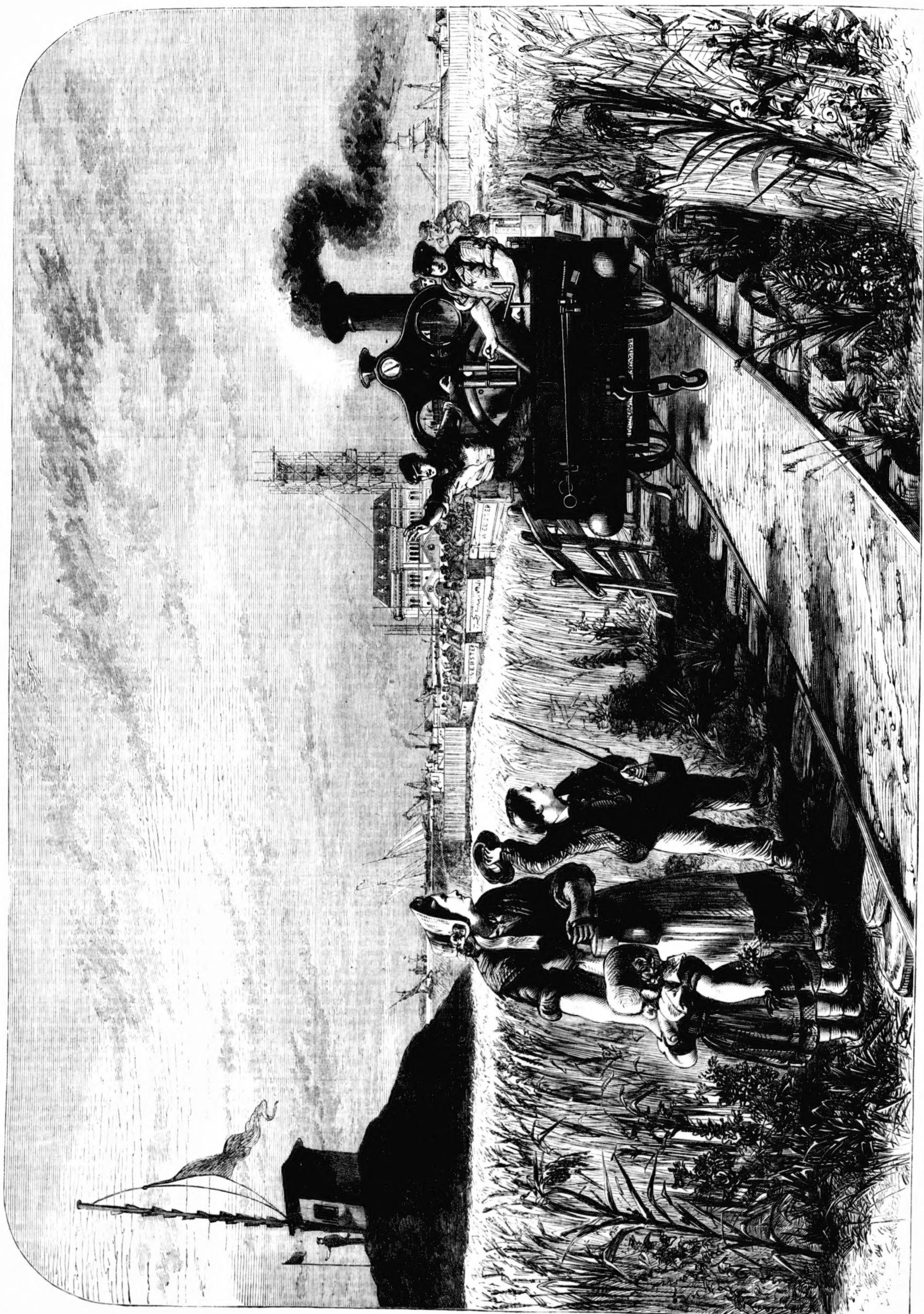
The reservoir has an area of about six acres and a half, is 17 ft. deep, and is capable of holding 4,340,000 cubic feet, or 27,000,000 gallons of sewage in the four compartments. In addition to the sewage which will accumulate in the reservoir between the periods of discharge, the reservoir will provide for storing rain to an extent which probably will not be exceeded more than a few days in the year, when the overflow will take place at a less favourable time of tide. In order to deliver the sewage into the river under as favourable a condition as possible, the deep outlet is constructed with a series of twelve iron pipes, 52 in. in diameter, extending a considerable distance under the fore-shore. About 120 penstocks, or sluices, are fixed in various places, nearly one hundred of the number being in the reservoir. For about 1200 ft. the river will be embanked by a retaining wall of brickwork, built on caisson foundations and capped with granite; the wall will be backed up with concrete, and the reclaimed ground filled in and levelled.

The machinery provided is of 500 (nominal) horse power, consisting of four double-acting condensing engines, each working two single-acting ram-pumps, or sets of plungers. The beams are 40 ft. long; the flywheels, 27 ft. diameter, and 50 tons weight each; the cylinder is 48 in. diameter, and 9 ft. stroke; and the plungers (eight to each engine) are 4' 6" diameter; half of them with 4' 6" stroke; and the remainder with 2' 6" stroke.

The entire area of the works, including the reclaimed ground and adjoining land, is about thirty-six acres.

A telegraphic wire is fixed along the soffit of the arch of the Outfall Sewer between Deptford and Crossness, so that, in case of accident to the machinery or other works at either end, the fact may be instantly made known and assistance procured.

The contracts, both for the buildings and the engines, are in a forward state, and, it is hoped, will be completed by the end of the present year. Cottages will be erected for a superintendent and a staff of workmen to reside at the works, so that constant supervision and attendance may be given.



THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL OF THE GREAT MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS: WORKMEN'S TRAIN FROM CROSSNESS TO PLUMSTEAD.



COMING SOUTH.

On the eve of the great shooting anniversary our artist faithfully depicted the scene presented at the railway station, where enthusiastic sportsmen assembled on their way north "to look after the grouse;" and in the few days which have elapsed since the first fusillade sounded on the moors the poulterers' shops have given pretty good evidence of the work that has been done; while stragglers, who had previously not quite made up their minds, have been stimulated by the glowing accounts in sporting newspapers, and, unable to withstand the temptation of seeing their own names in the list of extraordinary bags, have found that there was nothing in doing in town and that particular business called them to the Scottish border.

The reports from the most favoured localities seem to indicate that the present sea-on is the best which has been known for the last half-dozen years; and, though in some of the grounds the late intense heat of the weather and the consequent drought have made the birds wild and diminished the amount of game, there has been on the whole a capital time for the more experienced hands.

The birds have in many districts recovered from the disease from which they suffered so extensively last season; but the sultry weather has made a very great difference in localities where the nature of the country has most exposed the ground to the drought, and in many cases not a rill of water could be discovered during the first week's shooting. The more fortunate sportsmen, therefore, have made good bags, and have been able to endure with some equanimity the terrible flogging over the burnt-up heather, but those who lighted upon less favourable localities have had a bad time of it. It may readily be imagined that to carry a gun over a great waste of stubble under a broiling sun has been too much for the enthusiasm which requires the stimulus of success; and he must be a keen sportsman indeed who can bear with unruffled patience the close sultry air in which the very dogs grow faint and are unable to get the scent of the game.

"The grouse," says a correspondent from a Yorkshire moor, "were remarkably strong, and plentiful also, but wild in the extreme, hence the little sport. The moors were parched, and all the streams dried up, causing both sportsmen and their dogs to suffer great fatigue. In some cases the poor dogs were quite exhausted, and had to be carried to water." This, however, would seem to be exceptional, and, although the weather made shooting a fatiguing pleasure, experienced shots have made wonderful sport, especially on the Scottish and Northumberland moors. From the latter we hear:—"On the north-eastern verge of the Cheviots sportsmen on the evening of the 12th found their bags well-filled, and men who could shoot straight, walk well, and had the good fortune to tread heather judiciously burnt, vermin well killed down and carefully watched, could have no good ground of complaint as to want of birds, disease, &c. Since 1826 there has not been such a dry spring and summer. The mosses and bogs are as hard as a cricket-ground, and the springs, with hardly an exception, dried up. Dry weather is invariably in favour of a good head of game, and, though there may have been some cold weather on the moors at nights, there has been no wet to starve birds after it."

In Scotland, however, the figures show surprising results, and in some districts well-known sportsmen have made such use of their guns that the game-carts must have creaked beneath their burden of birds, hares and red deer. In one notable instance, four guns completed the destruction of 428 brace in three days.

Complaints are made from Inverness-shire that the "shootings" which are let by the year are the ruin of all their neighbours who have leases and let their ground fairly. "In my neighbourhood," says a disgusted sportsman, "last year some of the moors (let by the year) were shot till there was no living thing left. The sportsmen not only shot hard themselves, filling their bags with nothing but old birds, but even left a keeper on the ground who killed every moving animal up to Dec. 10. You may imagine how unfairly this taxes the leaseholders who have to supply the deficit, for grouse will go to favourite ground. If the public could know which moors have been so treated, the owners would be obliged to put some check to unsportsmanlike behaviour in order to bring their ground into favour again. In a pecuniary point of view the present system cannot pay them as well as having plenty of birds, and sending the true account of the ground into the market, with a limited number of head, and a prohibition from leaving a keeper always at his work of destruction."

This is, doubtless, a great evil to the leaseholders; but it is only amongst the score of difficulties which are presented by the present condition of the laws, rules, and regulations with respect to the preservation of game. The greatest evil of all is the imperfect and unequal legislation, which, while it professes to recognise "wild animals," makes field sports impossible to any but those who have the means of "preserving."

This, however, is more noticeable with respect to pheasants and partridges, the former being, in effect, reared with as much care as a domestic fowl, while pheasant-shooting, in hundreds of places, affords little more sport than would be attained by banging away with double-barrels in the midst of a hen-roost. Partridges are rapidly approaching a somewhat similar condition, and country gentlemen are becoming poulterers on a large scale. There may be no reason why this should not be so, since a gentleman-poulterer is, perhaps, no more to be decried than a gentleman-farmer; the latter sends sheep, the former birds, to the London market; but the gentleman-farmer seldom does his own butchering, and, to tell the truth, the gentleman-poulterer often employs a band of keepers to thin his preserves. All that can be complained of is that the law should seem to preserve an absurd fiction on the subject, and that, when we speak of the British love for field-sports and their influence on the national characteristics, we should ever be liable to misunderstanding by appearing to include the pursuit of game—an amusement from which the "nation" is necessarily excluded, and any taste for which must remain only an unfulfilled longing. Whatever may be the case with the nation, however, all those representatives of British energy whose guns are popping from dawn to dark upon the moors are having a fine healthy holiday, and even at the railway station grouse is the principal passenger in the journey south. A fortnight ago, and gun-cases, tweed suits, leather leggings, and dogs in couples usurped the platform, where quiet travellers looked in vain for a secure corner, or only ventured out of the waiting-room to come to grief in a confusion amidst which the guard's whistle was scarcely to be heard. To-day, amidst a few of the same sportsmen coming home, the porters are beleaguered with walls of flesh and feathers—packed in cases, stowed in hampers, thrust into baskets, or sprawling in their unconcealed plumage with a hurriedly-written direction tied to their whipcord necklaces. Nervous elderly gentlewomen fluttering in their plumage may iterate shrill inquiries after "that japanned box;" swells returning from a vacation tour may issue languid directions; young ladies, radiant in the costume of a romantic tour, may compress their skirts to make way for the loaded trucks, and "look daggers" at the company's servants in vain. The game-fever has culminated here; gentility must give way to grouse, and languor to Leadenhall-market. The scent of game is in the air, the feathers of game flutter at doorways and eddy in the strong draught of air that sweeps through the station, while as the ramparts of boxes, hampers, and baskets diminish, the porters grow more heedless, flushed, and breathless as they haul the packages to the tops of the carriages or stow them into any spare corner which should remain sacred to the ordinary luggage of those who are so unfortunate as to be coming south with the spoils of the army which every year invades the north.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will embark at Leith, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, on the 1st or 2nd of September, in order to proceed to Copenhagen. The Osborne will be accompanied by her Majesty's steam-frigate Aurora, 35, Captain Sir Francis M'Clintock, now with the Channel Fleet at Spithead, and by her Majesty's despatch-vessel Salamis, Commander Francis Sutte, which is at present with the Fishery Commissioners in Ireland.

Literature.

Ten Days in a French Parsonage in the Summer of 1863. By GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A., M.R.I. 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

Mr. Musgrave is so favourably known by his "Parson, Pen, and Pencil," "Pilgrimage into Dauphiné," and other books of rambles rather than travels, that nothing short of a good book could have been expected from him. And good enough the book is, there being scarcely a page that may not be read with some kind of advantage, although people will be surprised—which is no advantage in particular—at the strange contents of a "French Parsonage." The fact is, the road and fifty other things occupy half the literary journey, and Mr. Musgrave has time to loiter over the reflection that a good liver and stomach are as pleasant things at sea as a good conscience is on all occasions. To secure this freedom from physical pangs, he recommends our old friend the five grains of calomel to be taken some six and thirty hours before embarkation, and all we have to say on the point is that travellers may try it for themselves. If they are fond of feeling weak at the very moment when their best strength is required they might go the length of adding one or two more troublesome drugs. However, *La Manche* being once happily crossed, there is an end to *desagremens*. Mr. Musgrave is immediately in good spirits, and insists on some innocent commonplace in the way of teasing English people's French—that "Continental English" with which, says Mr. Kinglake, "I and my compatriots make our way abroad." Thus time ambles, trots, or gallops, as the case may be, and he is soon welcomed at the presbytère of Monsieur l'Abbé Jean Baptiste Gaud, Curé Doyen de Varennes. Here it might be supposed that the "Ten Days in a French Parsonage" would commence in earnest: but no; there are many previous questions to be moved and carried. A full-length description, moral and physical, is given of the Abbé, together with his impressions of travel in England when he was the guest of Mr. Musgrave. And, then, the place is Varennes, where Louis XVI. and family were stopped in their flight from Paris; and so a full, true, and particular account of that incident comes in as a matter of course. The same families are still dozing away in the quiet old place, and their chief delight is to shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won—that is, to ring their bell and show how the son of St. Louis was sent back to Paris in order to "ascend to heaven." On this subject thereto even a translation of a drama written years since by "an old inhabitant of Varennes, and which, in the universal opinion of the town, was considered to be, beyond all comparison, the most accurate and lifelike picture of the arrest, detention, and departure (in captivity) of the King and Royal family." After this the real subject of the book is alone on the page, and those who remember Mr. Talbot Gwynne's "Nanette and her Lovers" and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Two Lives" will understand how interesting and refreshing are sketches of French country parsonage life. The presbytère or parsonage is described—a handsome stone-built house, surrounded by gardens filled with choice fruits, &c.; all of which sounds much like an earthly paradise, although summed up with the minuteness of an ordinary auctioneer inspired by something of the poetic genius of Mr. George Robins. To keep up this paradise the State allows just £1 sterling per week—or, rather, that is about the average allowance of a French Curé; but M. Gaud was fortunate in enjoying a considerable private fortune, and also in securing some pleasant extra allowances. Before the accession of Louis Philippe there was no house tax, now there is a tax of 40f. yearly. We may judge that economy in its true meaning, and not in its too-often misused sense, must be rigidly practised to keep body and soul together amongst the French country clergy. M. Gaud has a treasure in an old Françoise, who is at once gardener, cook, housemaid, stable-helper, and odd man. These household accounts are interesting. The dinner scene is a stately chapter, where good society is met and real French opinions obtained. The impression appears to be that all Frenchmen who have been in our country adore it and us. The chapters on schools are likely to do much service, and there is beside a recipe for softening the stems of asparagus, which deserves—but it is too painful to suffer the imagination to dwell on asparagus when out of season. With such domestic matters, including the eccentricities of a French marriage and a French funeral, the "Ten Days" are pleasantly passed, and will certainly be enjoyed by anybody who runs through the recording pages. But these are parsonage matters, and those on an almost unprecedented scale. A glance outside tells a different tale. A cottage was inspected, where was considerable dirt and untidiness, though nothing like poverty; but then poverty was only warded off by industry, from which Englishmen and Englishwomen would shrink. "At this season of the year," about August, the wife could only find time to polish the pots and pans once a week, and the flooring was a mass of clay. The vine took up so much time, and there was meal to mix for the pigs, and there was the baking. Besides this, the women assist to cultivate the few acres which French peasants so easily acquire under the divisional system. "They make journeys of a mile's length three times a day, in the height of summer's heat, in autumnal rain, and in the midwinter's cold; and this, too, for a mere handful of produce."

Mr. Musgrave's volumes are very entertaining and contain much that will be found fresh, even to people who have done Paris over and over again.

The Social Science Review and Journal of the Sciences. Edited by B. W. RICHARDSON, M.A., M.D.

A certain interest attaches to really good reading of the sort which sometimes, though very rarely, finds its way into what are called "social science" discussions. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of sense and truth, and must be some utility, in papers like those of Dr. Richardson on "The Diseases of Overworked Men."

But, on the whole, we cannot recommend "Social Science" literature or feel disposed to speak kindly of "Social Science" people. One of our reasons is the enormous disproportion which exists between the pretence and the performance of the writing; the fact that under high-sounding titles one finds chiefly philosophic platitudes and tract literature smeared over with phraseology of the "liberal" school.

It is a very common thing for reformers to be extravagant or defiantly mistaken, both in their writings and in their lives. This is natural, though lamentable. Leaders of forlorn hopes are desperate men, and if their courage is a *living* courage it will prompt them to "excess," or to what at the time will seem like excess. No blame of this kind, however, can be attributed to our so-called "Social Science" writers. Quite the contrary; their heroism is mostly of a very safe order; and, if we complained of them at all, it would be because they give themselves the airs and claim the honours of the advanced guard, while taking very good care to be never any more than abreast of a difficulty—and rarely that.

But, in truth, we complain of nothing. Let these people potter on as they please. Only one thing remains for the critic to do. He is bound to declare that this sort of thing is not Social Science. Social Science is well aware of two things:—1st, That every conceivable human duty may be traced up to a moral axiom or demonstrable postulate; 2nd, That no conceivable human duty can be expressed by an absolutely unchangeable custom or formula. Now, as Mr. Carlyle has finely said (see "Past and Present," chap. v., Book III.), the Conservatism of the individual Englishman who is averse from change is highly respectable, and is, indeed, essential to our getting on at all; or, as he puts it, it will never do to let the social ledger go wholly unposted because somebody doubts the ready reckoner. But, to quote his exact words, "there is no custom that can, properly speaking, be final: none." No man living has written so vehemently in favour of "the permanent" as Mr. Carlyle; and yet he admits—what, indeed, nobody can logically deny—that every moral formula is, from the necessity of the case, only tentative; in other words, can never express absolute right, but must, some day, be superseded.

The recognition of this lies at the basis of real Social Science,

But where is the admission of it—*tacit* or express—in this precious so-called "social science" literature? It is nowhere. On the contrary, it is tacitly denied, as it always is tacitly denied, by fifth-rate people. Read these magazines, and "proceedings," and "discussions" of "sections" at associational meetings—read them, we say, and you would think that all the vital questions of life were for ever settled; that what is called "civilisation" was the last hope of the world, and that all we have now to do is to get rid of crinolines, open more day-schools, lay on extra policemen in the Haymarket, ventilate our houses, and teach little girls how to cook potatoes. We might as well look for social *science* in a House of Commons debate, or in the charge of a judge to a jury, as in the greater part of this writing. All this talk relates to questions of quite third-class social *policy*, and very rarely discloses a glimpse of a principle. On the contrary, the theories of life upon which all sorts of things are proposed by the *very same people* are so discrepant that we are invariably reminded, as we turn over "Social Science" records, of certain rhymes about the different kinds of weather people ask for:—

If weather and weather
Were mixed together,

The Fiend himself couldn't live in such weather.

We will try and make ourselves understood by an illustration. You say Free Trade is right. Very good. But the *principle* which justifies free trade condemns compulsory vaccination. Now, you may reasonably support compulsory vaccination in two different ways:—(1) You may support it as a *Tory*, or an adherent of the Extreme Right-hand or "paternal" school of government; (2), You may support it as a temporary expedient, justifiable as military law may sometimes be justifiable, but *only* so. And if you let out, in other ways, that you belong to the school which goes in for free trade, you are bound to show, in defending compulsory vaccination, that you do so with the full knowledge that it is inconsistent with the principle, or root-idea, of your system. But if, while pottering about free trade in customary phrases, you also talk of compulsory vaccination (or anything coming under the same category of Governmental interference) as if you believed in the Divine Right of Constables or in the paternal function of the magistrate, then you are indeed dealing with a social question; but you know nothing of social *science*. It is not at all suggested, you perceive, that, in order to satisfy criticism, you must take either the Right side or the Left side, but that you *must* avoid blowing hot and cold with one breath.

So far as we are aware, our contemporaries have mostly satisfied themselves with sneering in a vague way at the Social Science people as mere talkers. We do not sympathise with this. We agree with a great living philosopher, that public discussion is a sacred and helpful social force. It will be seen that our criticism is directed to a different question; and, having said our say, we have discharged our conscience, and feel humbly certain that we have done a useful thing.

Recollections and Wanderings of Paul Bedford. Facts not Fancies.

Routledge.

Mr. Bedford has for so many years been upon such intimate terms with the public that there can be but few "grown-up" people who do not know his domestic as well as his professional style. Those personally intimate, and those intimate only in the lower or hearsay degree, will at once recognise in these pages the author himself, the hearty delineator of humorous character who has delighted generation after generation. A first book, written at a late period of a long career on the stage, need not be expected to be a model of literary skill and artistic finish. But the "Recollections and Wanderings" pretends to nothing of the kind, although it may honestly lay claim to be that which it professes to be. It is not exactly biography, but true and amusing material for biography; and many of the greatest celebrities of the present century are constantly upon the scene. Besides the "profession," the list of distinguished names includes the present Napoleon III., Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Daniel O'Connell, and many others. The pages sparkle with anecdote, and are, in fact, table-talk wherein the dullards do not speak. If, after dinner, the claret was passed to Mr. Bedford, and there were some discreet listeners at hand, he would probably talk his little volume through before anybody had an idea of the lateness of the hour. Mr. Bedford was born in Bath, wasted no time before he began amusing people and singing well; fell in love with Richardson's Show, tried auctioneering, then amateur theatricals, and finally settled down to the stage. From the many pages devoted to Edmund Kean, a few lines may be selected,—

In the course of the evening Mrs. Glover said, "Now, Edmund, give us a treat by repeating to us the Litany and the Lord's Prayer. I shall never forget the impression it made on me, when I first heard you read it, Edmund." He consented; and had the delivery of those sacred words been heard by our ecclesiastical brethren, it would have proved to them a lesson on elocution beyond all price. Be it understood this occurred on a Sunday evening, therefore that event will demonstrate to the world, more particularly to the strait-laced portion of the creation, that we are not the thoughtless children they consider us to be.

And here is a curious story of Kean's death:—

I was taken to the chamber of sorrow. Stretched on his humble couch lay the remains of the world's admiration, the body being ungarbed, awaiting the operation of the skilful surgical knife. On looking upon the remains of the dear departed, I observed on the left knee a large blackened bruise. Inquiring of my friend Lee the cause of that blemish, he said that, having attended the bedside of the suffering one for many an anxious night, and being on one occasion overcome by sleep, he was awakened by hearing him utter the well-known passage from the tent-scene in Richard, "A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" and at that moment he sprang from off the couch, falling on his knee, which produced the discolouration of the limb. That event occurred about two hours before the final moment. It was the farewell dream of his earthly greatness.

Many of the younger playgoers will be surprised to hear that Mr. Bedford had great reputation as a singer. Madame Catalani "swore by him," and took him with her on a concert tour. Next he was celebrated in English Opera at the great houses; and, finally, he became that wonderful being who was so great as Norma, as Blueskin, and still is as Jack Gong, and fifty others. Here is a literary anecdote concerning "The Green Bushes":—

Well, having reached the loved nest, the first noteworthy mark made was in the production of the ever "Green Bushes," by that fertile child, John Baldwin Buckstone; but the world-wide and domestic phrase of "I believe you, my boy" was indicated to the talented author by that far and famous, the late T. P. Cooke, who said that when he was a lad, at the naval engagement of the taking of Cape St. Vincent, they had on board a funny and facetious messmate, who, amid the battle's roar, would make them laugh; when a shot had just cleared his figure-head, his gunneman would say, "Hollo, Joe, that was too near to be pleasant." "I believe you, my boy!" sung out Joe. And here is an account of the comedian roaming over Chelsea College. Paul is inquiring about a statue:—

When he appeared, the sentry said, "Jem, tell his honour all about that 'ere cove in the middle, yonder."

We approached the statue. I then discovered it was the effigy of Charles II.

"Ah! ah!" said I to Jem Warde, "then it was good King Charley that founded and built this beautiful residence for you brave lads?"

"Not he," said Jem, "not that ugly old cove. No; it was a hangel, and her name was Lady Ellen Gwynne, God bless her!"

"Ah! ah!" said I, "that's news; I never heard that before."

"I'll tell your honour how it came about. When Charley and the lovely girl used to be a driving in the carriage through St. James's Park, she used to see old coves a lying about there without our arms and legs. 'Oh, Charles,' said the angel to the Royal sweetheart, 'what a heartrending sight it is to see these brave fellows in such a wretched condition. Why not build them a residence, wherein they may pass the remainder of their lives in comfort and happiness?' 'Salute me,' said Charley to the angel creature, 'and it shall be done.' Therefore, your honour, instead of that ugly old cove being stuck up there, we ought to have an angel likeness of the lovely creature to whom we're indebted for all these 'ere blessings."

Volumes of this kind cannot fail to be amusing, and this is as fully crammed with anecdote as could be. Mr. Bedford looks back upon his experiences with evident pleasure, and is rapturous over his many friendships, modest over his many triumphs. Indeed, he has gallantly spoken more of his friends than of himself, which has not hitherto been a noted characteristic of the theatrical profession. In conclusion, Mr. Bedford says, "Au revoir pour le présent;" so that a little more gossip and good nature may amuse us before long.

OUR FEUILLETON.

DESDICADO.

In the autumn of 184—a traveller, with a knapsack on his shoulder, entered Rome by the Gate of the People. It was easy to see from his costume that he was an artist. He walked straight up to the obelisk which stands in the midst of the Place of the People, and, laying down his knapsack, seated himself on one of the steps and leaned his head upon his hand. His large Calabrian hat completely concealed his face, and he remained for some minutes apparently quite lost in abstraction.

When at length he raised his heavy eyelids and his weary head, night was approaching, the "Ave Maria" had been heard, and the streets around him were full of carriages. It was the fashionable hour for the evening drive.

Desdicado watched the carriages as they approached, looked into them eagerly as they grazed the steps on which he was seated, and then disappeared in the darkness of the night.

Suddenly a landau drawn by two magnificent grey horses appeared. He uttered an exclamation of joy, and, rushing towards the carriage, placed one hand on the panel, while with the other he attempted to stop the horse of a gentleman who was riding by the side of the vehicle. The animal reared, and the rider, indignant at his progress being so abruptly checked, struck the artist in the face with his riding-whip, struck spurs into his horse, and galloped over the body of the unfortunate young man, who was left, apparently without life, on the ground.

The whole scene took place in an instant, and the only person who witnessed it was an artist of the French Academy at Rome, named Lorentz. He rushed up to the traveller, raised him in his arms, and, placing him against the obelisk, made him drink a few drops of the pure and limpid water that is constantly pouring forth from the mouths of four marble lions.

When the young man had recovered his consciousness, he raised his hand to his forehead, and, finding there evidences of the blow inflicted by the whip of the horseman, he pressed his other hand convulsively against his breast, and two big tears rolled down his pale, thin cheeks.

"You are in pain?" inquired the Frenchman, touching his forehead.

"Yes, I am in pain," answered Desdicado, placing his hand upon his heart.

"And so it is you, Desdicado?" said the Frenchman, at length. "You, who last year, at Florence, were the happiest and gayest man in Italy. Who would have thought of meeting the elegant and proud Desdicado in such a costume and such a condition as this?"

"You little know what accumulation of misfortunes may happen to a man in the course of ten months, nor how many years of grief a single day may contain," replied Desdicado, mournfully. "Yes, I am Desdicado. But tell me, my friend, who is that man who struck me in the face. One of we two shall not live to see that mark of shame disappear."

"Do you not know Prince Mariani, the favourite of the Pope and of all the Cardinals, the caprice or the passion of all the women in Rome; in short, the fortunate lover of the Marchioness de R.?"

"You are talking either foolishly or falsely," cried the impetuous young man. "He cannot be the lover of the lady you name. There are so many Marchionesses in Rome," he added, more calmly, "that you may easily make a mistake. No, you do not know her; the snow of the mountains is not more pure than her heart, and with such a man as Mariani she could have nothing in common. The Madonnas of your Raphael are not more angelic than Beatrice, and to mention her name in connection with Mariani is nothing less than sacrilege. Calm and sad she passes through the world, without mixing in it. She scarcely belongs to earth, and it is impossible to look upon her heavenly countenance without feeling that she cannot remain long among us."

"I was in error," replied Lorentz. "The Marchioness you speak of does not live within these walls. She must inhabit some other city, or perhaps is still in that heaven from which you have just made her descend. There is only one Marchioness de R. in Rome. You saw her pass just now like the phantom of your love, and the wheels of her carriage, less aerial than herself, were very nearly crushing you to death. That was Mariani, I repeat, who was riding by her side."

"But who told you," exclaimed Desdicado, "that Mariani was her lover? That is like you all. A woman's honour and reputation have no value in your eyes. But you should remember, Lorentz, that a woman's good name is like crystal, and that it should be approached with a most delicate hand."

"So you love this woman?"

"I love her," replied Desdicado.

"Poor fellow!" said Lorentz. "Desdicado," he added, "if any of my words have wounded you take your stick and your knapsack, and shake off the dust of your shoes elsewhere than at Rome. The holiness of your love would suffer too much in this city. Come, my friend, take my advice; this Mariani has profaned the idol of your adoration."

"Lorentz, explain yourself fully."

"At the age of sixteen," commenced Lorentz, "Beatrice was married to the old Marquis de R., the richest, and probably also the oldest, man in Rome. She lived with her husband quietly, peacefully, and in perfect retirement. The marriage was to be deplored, then, for two reasons—first, the fair Beatrice was sacrificed by the avarice of her parents to an old dotard; secondly, the society of Rome was deprived of its most brilliant ornament. When the Marquis died, Beatrice, after the ordinary period of mourning, returned to society, and was surrounded on all sides by admirers. But none could produce the least impression upon her; and at last she went away from Rome to live in liberty and peace elsewhere."

"Yes, that is Beatrice; that is certainly she!" exclaimed Desdicado.

"Listen," replied Lorentz, coldly. "A year afterwards the Marchioness returned, and then Mariani was seen eternally at her side. He had conquered the cold, the austere Beatrice."

"But, once more, I ask you what proof you have to give me?"

"All Rome says so. Mariani himself says so. What do you think of the matter now?"

"I think Mariani is a coward and a liar!" cried Desdicado, rising. "To-morrow I shall have the honour of two persons to avenge."

"What do you mean?" said the Frenchman. "Surely you are not going to challenge Prince Mariani, the most dexterous duellist in Italy? Besides, what have you to challenge him for? You threw yourself in his way, you stopped his horse. It was impossible he could recognise you in the dress you are wearing, even if he knows you; and he struck you merely that he might get rid of an obstacle. What you received you certainly provoked. As for defending Beatrice against a man whom she can scarcely consider her enemy, that appears to me to be a still wilder idea. I can understand that if she has been unfaithful to you!"

"Unfaithful!" interrupted Desdicado; "but she never loved me. My hand never pressed hers; she never gave me the most distant sign of affection."

"Well, Desdicado," said Lorentz, at last, "whatever you do I am your friend. I shall not soon forget the happy hours we have passed together, and if my advice or my arm can be of assistance to you, you know that you can command my services."

"Farewell till to-morrow, then," said Desdicado, as he threw himself into his arms. "To-morrow, at sunrise. It will perhaps be my last day."

"You have not told me what you intend to do," said Lorentz; "but if before to-morrow morning you should happen to have need of my assistance, you know where I live, and I shall be sitting up and thinking of you all night."

Desdicado jumped into a coach and told the driver to take him to the residence of Prince Mariani. There was a fete that night at

the Prince's palace. The front of the mansion was brilliantly illuminated; the courtyard was crowded with carriages, and through the open windows the sound of music could be heard, and the silk, the gauze, and the flowers of the ladies' ball-dresses occasionally were visible. Desdicado mingled in the crowd, and thus succeeded in reaching a remote gallery, in which he remained for some time concealed.

He had been there an hour when at last two figures passed close to him.

"Why so sad and meditative to-night?" said Mariani to Beatrice, who was leaning on his arm. "You were to have been the soul of this fete, which, without you, is dull and dead. But you appear for an instant and then at once depart. Oh! Beatrice, what can I do to move your heart? I have tried everything; but to my grief, my joy, my supplication, and my threats you are alike insensible. Can nothing bring a tear to those eyes or a smile to those lips? Or," he continued, as he placed his hand on a Diana, "are you like one of these marble statues, perfectly beautiful but also perfectly cold?"

"You say that I am sad and meditative," replied Beatrice; "but the music tires me, the perfumes make me feel faint, the light dazzles my eyes. Let me go, Mariani. I passed my youth in tears and grief, and the world possesses no charms for me."

They disappeared, and Desdicado heard only the rustling of the Marchioness's silk dress, like the rustling of leaves agitated by the wind.

Mariani, after accompanying Beatrice to her carriage, was returning to the ball when he met an intimate friend, whom he at once dragged to one of the refreshment-rooms, and, filling two goblets with wine, exclaimed,

"Beatrice is stupid or mad. I drink to 'Easy conquests!' "

He had scarcely raised the glass to his lips when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round, found himself face to face with Desdicado.

Pale and terrible as the statue of the commander at the banquet of Don Juan, Desdicado led the Prince to a neighbouring terrace, and, throwing back his long hair that his forehead might be clearly visible, said, as he placed his hand on the scar,

"Do you recognise me, Prince?"

The Prince was almost dumb with astonishment.

"You struck me with your whip, and you must allow me to answer the affront with my sword," said Desdicado. "At daylight, at the foot of that obelisk where I was insulted, thrown to the ground, and trodden upon, I shall await you."

There was so much dignity in the manner of the young man that Prince Mariani, although he scarcely remembered the incident which had led to this meeting, could not refuse his challenge. The appointment was made for the next morning.

Five minutes after the interview with Prince Mariani, Desdicado was at the entrance to the palace of the melancholy Beatrice.

"The Marchioness does not receive at this hour," said the servant who came to the door.

"Tell her I have a letter for her from Prince Mariani," replied Desdicado. "And it is a letter I must deliver myself," he added; "for I have sworn by all the saints that she shall have it, and have received my wages for giving it, and here are yours."

With these words he offered the servant four Roman crowns, which were eagerly accepted. This was all the money Desdicado had; but what was that to him, now that he had only a few hours to live?

The servant disappeared, and returned to conduct Desdicado along a series of galleries, at the end of which was a door covered with a curtain.

Desdicado appeared before Beatrice as pale as the lamp of alabaster which hung suspended from the ceiling of her oratory.

Beatrice was seated at the window, enjoying the delightful breeze which came towards her from her orangery and flower garden. She held out her hand mechanically towards the stranger, as if to receive Mariani's letter. Desdicado took her hand and pressed it in his own.

"Who are you?" cried the Marchioness, as she rose from her seat in great alarm.

Then, as if she had nothing to fear from the timid young man who stood trembling before her, she said again, in a calmer voice,

"Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"I love you. Have you forgotten me?" exclaimed Desdicado. "As the dying man wishes to see the sun before he expires, so, being on the point of death, I longed to see you."

"Always the same!" murmured Beatrice. "But what do you want?" she continued. "You know that I do not love you."

"That I know too well. When first I saw you at Florence I saw my fate too plainly in your eyes. But for three months I was happy. I walked, I rode by your side; I accompanied you wherever you went; and I felt the joy of seeing you constantly and being for ever in your presence. To be able to accompany you to balls and fetes, to ride by your side, to go with you night after night to the theatre, I spent in three months the whole of the small patrimony which should have enabled me to pursue my studies at the University. I followed you everywhere—to Venice, to Naples—wherever you went. At one town I gave lessons, at another I painted portraits, and at a third I even recited verses in the streets, that I might still have the pleasure of seeing you, if I could no longer aspire to your society. At last, when you started for Rome I followed you here on foot, and on my arrival I find"—

"Find what?"

"That the love refused to me, who worshipped you so ardently and so purely, has been offered to a man in every way unworthy of it—in short, to Prince Mariani."

"And you could believe that, Desdicado?"

"How should I not believe it when all Rome speaks of it? Was he not by your side this very evening when, in your presence, before your eyes, he struck me with his horsewhip? But he will suffer for it or I shall not survive the affront!"

"Unhappy youth!" cried Beatrice; "you would fight with Mariani?"

"This next morning at sunrise. How much you must love him!" he added, observing her excitement.

"But you are lost, Desdicado!" she exclaimed; "and for me! And you thought Mariani was my lover. Oh, how terrible this is! He will kill you, Desdicado; and I shall die of despair."

"Tell me only that you do not love him."

"He will kill you, I say," she continued. "What can you do against him, the most deadly duellist in Italy?"

"Tell me that you do not love him."

"I tell you that you are dead."

"But if you would have me die in peace let me only know that he has never gained your love."

"Desdicado, you alone know my heart, and you must know that if I appear to receive his attentions in public it is only to free myself from the attentions of a thousand others more unfortunate than he. I never loved him; and if my heart has ever yearned towards anyone it has been towards you, my poor, suffering, devoted Desdicado!" And she threw her arms round his neck and covered him with her embrace.

But soon the sun rose in all its magnificence behind the blue mountains of the Tiber. Desdicado cut a lock from Beatrice's lovely hair, and disappeared with a light heart to meet the terrible Prince de Mariani.

Desdicado had never held a foil in his hand, and he was about to cross rapier with the most practised swordsman of Italy. But he had chance on his side, which, after all, is a terrible adversary.

Desdicado made such an utterly bad and improbable thrust that his antagonist, unprepared for a style of swordsmanship not recognised in the fencing schools, fell, dangerously wounded.

Without thinking of the consequences of his act, he returned in the face of day to the palace inhabited by Beatrice. But Beatrice was not to be seen.

He called a second and a third time, but still was not admitted.

He received a letter from the servant who opened the door. The letter was in the following words:—

"I detest love, with its rights, its privileges, and its tyranny. Last night I pitied you: for I looked upon you as a dead man. Now that you are alive, remember that I am dead to you.—BEATRICE DE R.—"

The same envelope inclosed an order on a bank for 10,000 francs. Desdicado tore up the order, accepted a small sum from his friend Lorentz, and soon afterwards, just when the carriages were beginning to appear in the Place of the People, might have been seen walking through the gate with his knapsack on his shoulder.

COSSIP ABOUT SOME FIGAROS.

The production of "Les Coiffeurs" at the Variétés Théâtre drew Timothée Trimm, of the *Petit Journal*, into a strange train of gossip about barbers. Timothée began in his best oracular style:—

Hair is a power that nothing can conquer. If it chooses to fall off, the fat of the hydras of Lernes itself will not make it change its mind; if it decides to grow, the law fatal to all humanity is powerless to shackle its ambitious flight. The hair and the beard grow after death!

The barber, like the lawyer, has his term of probation. For eight days he operates on a wooden head covered with rice powder. Thus he cultivates the lightness of his hand, and learns how to shave without notching the chins of his customers.

The country barber lathers with his hand; but he introduces into the mouth of his victim something to round the cheek into perfect smoothness. This object is ordinarily a ball; still, in country villages it is not unusual to have the question asked—"Will you be shaved with the thumb or the spoon?" That is to say, which of these articles will you choose to have inserted into your mouth?

A barber's apprentice was one day shaving a customer. He had his thumb bound up with linen, and seemed to be suffering from the pain of it.

"What is the matter?" said the customer whom he was about to commence lathering.

"I shall be obliged to shave you with the spoon to-day, Sir," said the barber, naïvely, "for I have cut my thumb in shaving a beard."

This brings to mind an anecdote of a barber of Blois. A customer entered and asked to be shaved. The operation of lathering was long in being accomplished, and with reason. *Barbe savonne longement est à moitié faite*, says the proverb. The patient could not perceive, however, that the hand of the operator trembled during the process. The arm appeared to belong to an epileptic. "Sir," said he, "your hand is very unsteady."

"Don't say a word," replied the barber; "I have the worst luck in the world."

"You are very likely to cut me," said the customer.

"Against my wish, most assuredly," returned the barber.

"It would not be the less disagreeable," observed the victim. "Have you ever inflicted a gash?"

"Ah! Sir," answered the man, "you open my wounds afresh. The other day I was shaving an intimate friend, an acquaintance of twenty years standing, the cream of men, a being who would not contradict a child. He was there, in the very place, the very chair where you are now. I begin to shave him;—my tie seizes me;—I give him a cut on the nose!"

Needless to add that the listener rushed out of the shop at this juncture, his chin covered with soap!

Each epoch is represented by its coiffeur. Leonard wrote the memoirs of Marie Antoinette: he was a pedant. Plaisir tells us anecdotes of the Court of Charles X.: he is a gossip. Mariton coiffé d Louis Philippe in silence: he was commercial.

The hairdresser of the Empress is called Le Roi. The Emperor's coiffeur is named Majesté. These are not profane names.

Let us cite several celebrities amongst hairdressers. Félix is a very fair type of his time. He is not a gallant abbé, like Leonard; nor an anti-Jacobite, like Mariton. Félix is simply an autocrat. When sent for by a lady, he arrives in a carriage, like a physician.

"Monsieur Félix, I wish my hair to be dressed with double plaits, mixed with coral beads."

The artist looks at his subject while drawing off his white gloves.

"What dress do you wear, Madame?"

"White moire antique," replies the lady.

"Moire! It is rather in the butcher's wife style. However, in any case, coral does not suit you."

"But I like it so much."

"What is that to me, Madame! I dress hair according to my own inspirations, not according to the ideas of other people. I am the coiffeur, not you. Coral is heavy, English; it is a creole's ornament. A wreath of pomegranates, on the contrary, would suit you charmingly."

"Still, Monsieur Félix!"

"If Madame has no confidence in me, she had better call in another artist. I bear the responsibility of her appearance."

The rival of Félix is Petrus, the coiffeur of the Grand Duchess of Baden. He is the flatterer *par excellence*.

"Madame," says Petrus to brunettes, "every great female character has had black hair—witness, Judith, Rachel, Lucretia, Malibran—regal foreheads, crowned with diadems of jet."

"Madame," says Petrus to blondes, "when God made a companion for Adam He gave her your glossy tresses; and what proves the superiority of your colour over black is, that German brunettes used to paint their dark hair with gold powder."

"Madame," says Petrus to ladies turning grey, "white was honoured under Louis XV., and will be again. You will have an opportunity of seeing before long how powder will suit the softness of your face."

Petrus is a consoling angel; he soothes heads while he arranges them; his comb goes farther than the glossy curl or the raven braid—it tickles the imagination.

The coiffeur is long in shaving—by system—for the public will have it so. His aristocratic customers do not consider the operation perfect unless it includes lathering three times.

Under the coat of the coiffeur—the apron of the barber—we have not sought for the citizen. To us it matters but little that Dagé shirked Mme. de Pompadour for Mdme. de Chateauroux, or that Jasmin makes a good National Guard. Our notion is that a coiffeur ought to have no particular opinion; his salon is the rendezvous of all. His mission is to arrange beards, not ideas. Just as he sells <

THE GREAT BED OF WARE.

ONE of the most ancient of the few remaining relics which have come down to the present generation by popular allusion as well as by actual preservation will be sold by auction, at Hertford, on the 30th inst.

The Great Bed of Ware, though but a modern piece of furniture when we consider the antiquity of the town which it has contributed to make famous, is yet a very remarkable article of furniture, and for many years was regarded almost as one of the wonders of the world, and worthy of a pilgrimage from London for the purpose of seeing it, especially as Ware itself was an important place, with a lively market, an old church, and a noted inn, called the Saracen's Head. The date which may be seen upon this famous bedstead is 1463, and no allusion to it is found at an earlier date. Indeed, in 1408 the town of Ware was destroyed by an inundation; and either from the "wears" or locks which were then formed for its future safety, or from the old Danish "wears" said to have existed in the original village before the reign of John, it is said to have derived its name, although this is very doubtful, since it figures in "Domesday Book" as *Waras*. Whatever may be the antiquity of Ware, however, there can be no doubt that the great bed, of rather bedstead, is as well-preserved a piece of cabinet-work as can be found in the country; and as it is 10 ft. 9 in. square and 7 ft. 6 in. high, the allusion to its size was worthy of the bombastic extravagance of Sir Toby Belch ("Twelfth Night," act iii., scene 2), who, when he counsels Aguecheek to send a challenge to his supposed rival, bids him "Go write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie on thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." The bedstead is a very fine example of wood-carving, the posts, which represent urns sustained on a sort of pillared portico, being of very elaborate workmanship. The upper part of the head-board is wrought in architectural ornamentation, and on the tester there is carved work of red and white roses, which, it may be supposed, represents the union of York and Lancaster.

The "great bed" formerly occupied a room in the mansion-house at Ware Park, but was afterwards removed to the Saracen's Head, where it was a famous sight for

visitors, who, according to traditional records, would frequently make up select parties of twelve and engage it for the night, in order to put its enormous capacity for accommodation to the proof. It was also an old custom, whenever a company went to see it, to pass round a can of ale and drink to some appropriate toast, a freak of which was heightened by the presence of a pair of horns in the room, under which the same burlesque oaths were sworn as those which were once customary under the horns at Highgate.

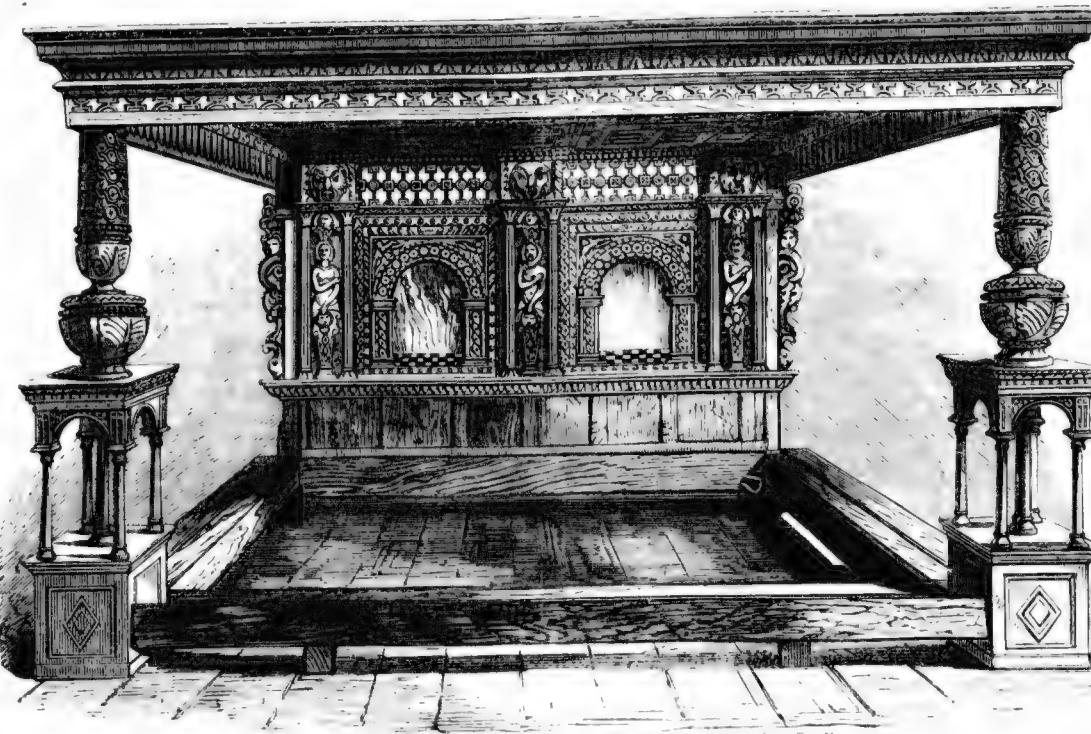
RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE COLLECTION IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

THE HORNBILLS.

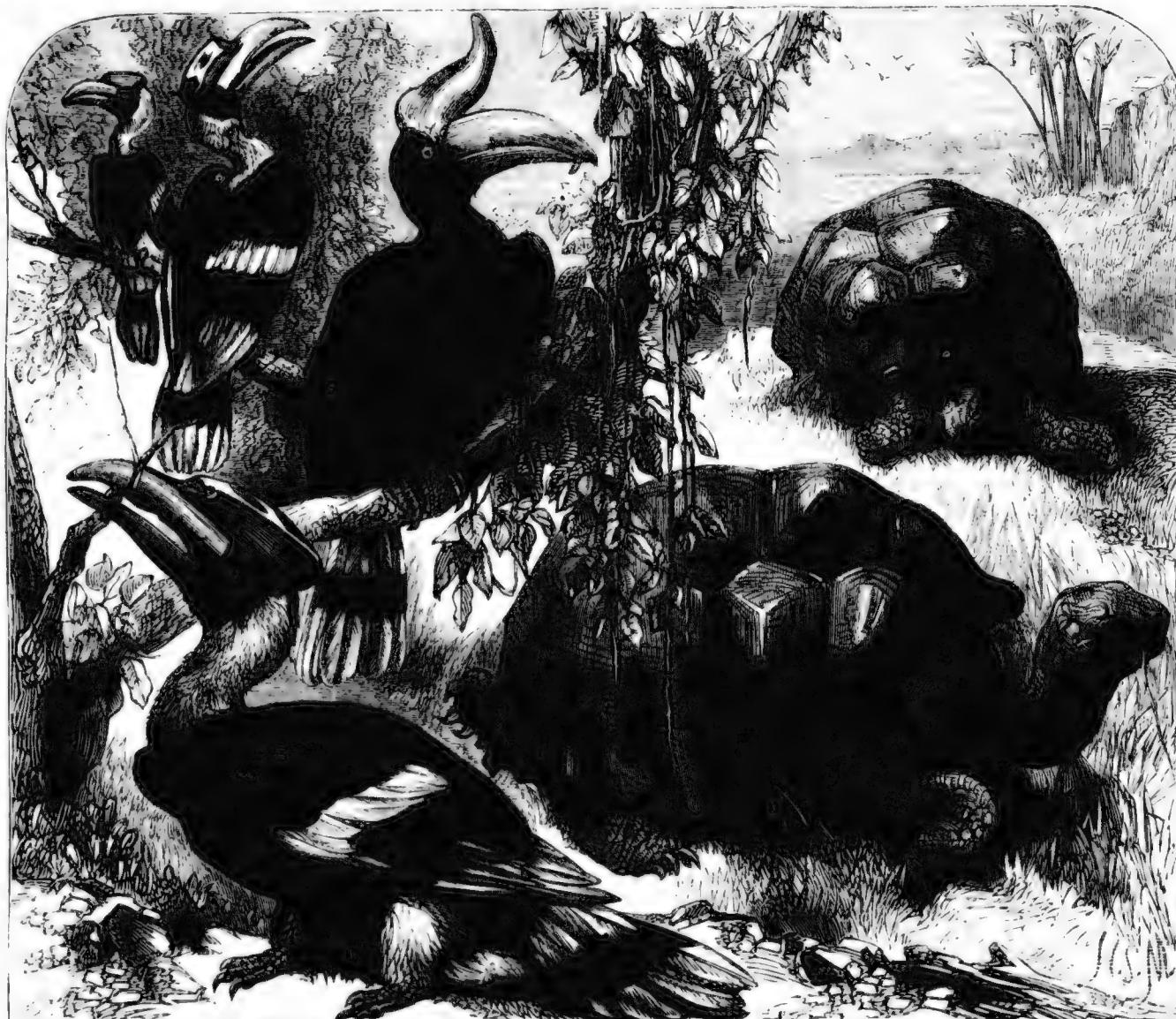
LIVING examples of these remarkable birds have perhaps never before been brought to Europe in the adult state. The Society are indebted to the kindness and liberality of the Baboo Regenda Mullick, Mr. A. Grote, and Mr. W. Dunn, for the three fine specimens now exhibited in their gardens. These birds are natives of the Indian Islands, some of the larger kind being found only in Sumatra and Malacca. They feed principally on fruit and berries, but occasionally consume insects, small birds, reptiles, and mammals. Their habits are but little known. Some of them (if not all) build their nests in hollow trees, the male bird building up the entrance with mud or similar materials, and thus imprisoning his wife during the period of incubation. A small hole is left, through which he feeds her constantly. This fact is well established by Mr. Wallace and other reliable observers. The voice of the hornbill is loud and discordant, and the birds make a great noise in flying. Notwithstanding their powerful and monstrous-looking bills, these creatures are very tame, and exhibit much affection towards each other and to those who feed and caress them.

INDIAN TORTOISES (TESTUDO INDICUS).

The two specimens of these animals in the gardens are of large size, one of them weighing above 150 lb. and measuring 6 ft. in girth. This size, however, is very inferior to that attained by some of the species, specimens having been met with weighing over 300 lb. The animals now in the gardens appear to be in good health and condition. They feed freely upon vegetables of various kinds, and are also partial to boiled rice and bran, of which they consume a considerable quantity; they are fond of water, and drink frequently.



THE GREAT BED OF WARE.



HORNBILLS AND INDIAN TORTOISES, RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



THE GULF OF CANNES.



PINE-TREES ON THE BEACH AT CANNES.

CANNES.

NUMEROUS as are the instances of obscure villages rising by some unexpected discovery or some lucky accident to the dignity of towns and the importance of wealthy corporations, there can scarcely be found one which is a more striking example of such good fortune than Cannes. Our own Bath traditionally owes its reputation to Prince Bladud, who was supposed to have discovered the invigorating properties of its waters; not that Prince Bladud did much for it after all, for until the beginning of the last century Bath was but a shabby, straggling town, and it may be doubted whether Beau Nash did not effect more to raise the city from the poor lodgings of a few languid bathers into a town of palaces and a fashionable resort than Prince Bladud would have done had he lived till now and wept salt tears twice a week.

Now, there are no waters at Cannes; that little obscure fishing-village, looking over the gulf and across the blue strip of sea to the three small islands opposite, had scarcely water enough for the people to drink. Indeed, a grand fête has but just been concluded to announce the fact that at this beautiful retreat people may in future quench their thirst with pure water, since, by certain engineering operations—under the direction of MM. Contre Grand Champs, chief engineer; Camerc, surveyor of bridges and roads; and Lagarde, superintendent—some of the waves of the Siagni, one of the few rivers of Provence, have been borrowed to fill the tanks, irrigate the fields, and water the beautiful pleasure-gardens of the town. At this fête all the celebrities—including the clergy, with the Bishop of Ceranee at their head—took a prominent part, and for an entire day the picturesque little place, which seems to have grown like a fairy palace in a night, was rendered still more picturesque by the official uniforms, the flags, and the other gay accessories of a public demonstration. It is true that, previous to 1834, Cannes had been celebrated in French history from two events—the imprisonment of the Man in the Iron Mask in the little island of Saint Marguerite, opposite the coast, and where the tower, with its thick wall of masonry and its single barred-window, still perpetuates the remembrance of the mysterious captive; and the landing of Napoleon I. on his return from Elba. It had thus much connection with history, and yet it might have remained a little obscure, straggling, fisherman's village to this day had it not found both its Bladud and its Nash in the person of a distinguished Englishman, Lord Brougham, on his journey towards Italy by way of Nice, was stopped, as some other travellers were also, by the fear entertained by the King of Sardinia of the cholera, which was dangerously prevalent in France and England. What other travellers did on the occasion is not recorded; but Henry Lord Brougham was a philosopher, and a very natural philosopher; so he went out for a walk and discovered a new territory, which he declared was in point of salubrity equal to Nice. It is scarcely too much to say that he planted the British flag on this new-found land—at all events, he took possession of it by making it his summer residence and at once commencing to build a villa there, which he named Eloise Leonore. Before long, visitors who had learned to associate the soft and yet invigorating air blowing under the pine-trees upon its shore with

renewed health, followed the noble Lord; and when once the tide of fashion set that way, the little fishing-village, with its quaint tower at the end of the promontory looking towards the gulf, became a place of note; its huts and narrow streets gave way to wide roads; while villas and mansions in every style of ornamental

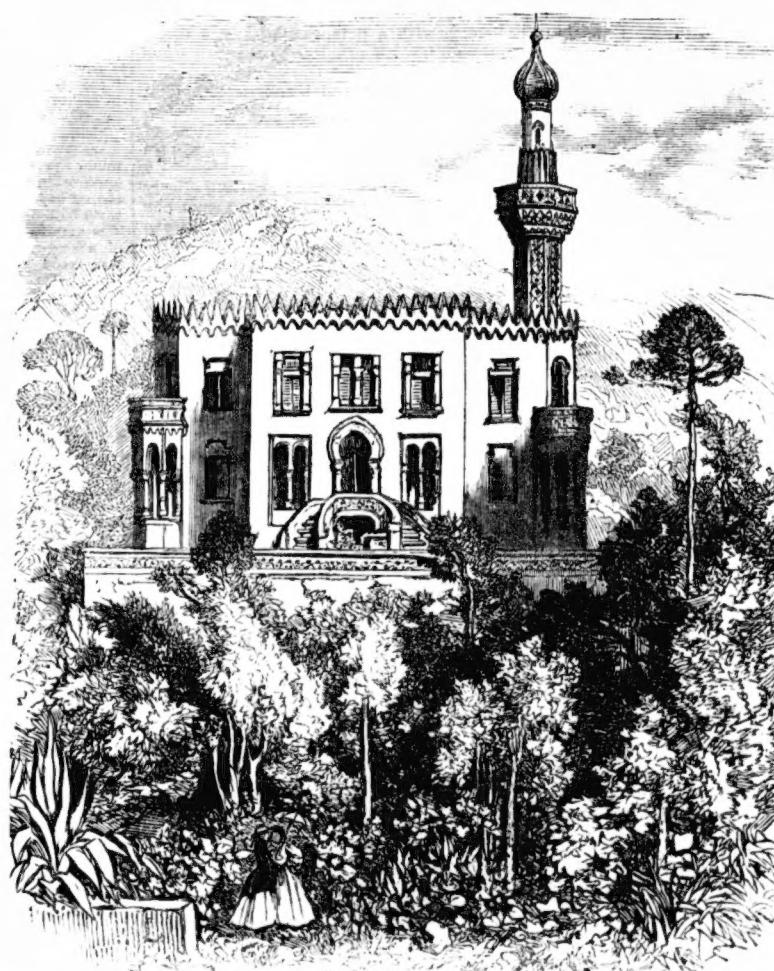
"villa residences" for families of distinction contrasting strangely with the natural features of the district, the old tower, the prison standing solitary on the little desolate island, and the wildness of some part of the coast. All sorts of vehicles, too, rattle down the slopes and through the streets; and in brougham and basket-chaise the representatives of Great Britain visit the house where the great French actress, Rachel, spent her last days, in the retirement of her little villa, with its garden and orange-grove.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to omit in a mention of the first settlers at Cannes the names of General Taylor, who built the villa of St. George, and of Mr. Leader; but since their first visits the place has been, perhaps, too much given up to sham Renaissance and all the other varieties of cockney architecture. Whatever fault may be found with this substitution for the neat, white, Italian villa of the neighbouring States, however, Cannes itself continues, and will long continue, to share with Nice, Hyères, Pau, Arcachon, and the Gulf of Jouan, the reputation of a resort for invalids; and nobody who looks out across its azure sea to the picturesque islands of Lérins, and feels the genial warmth of a climate where winter lasts but a few days, can doubt that the discovery and foundation of Cannes are amongst the many evidences of Lord Brougham's eminent ability.

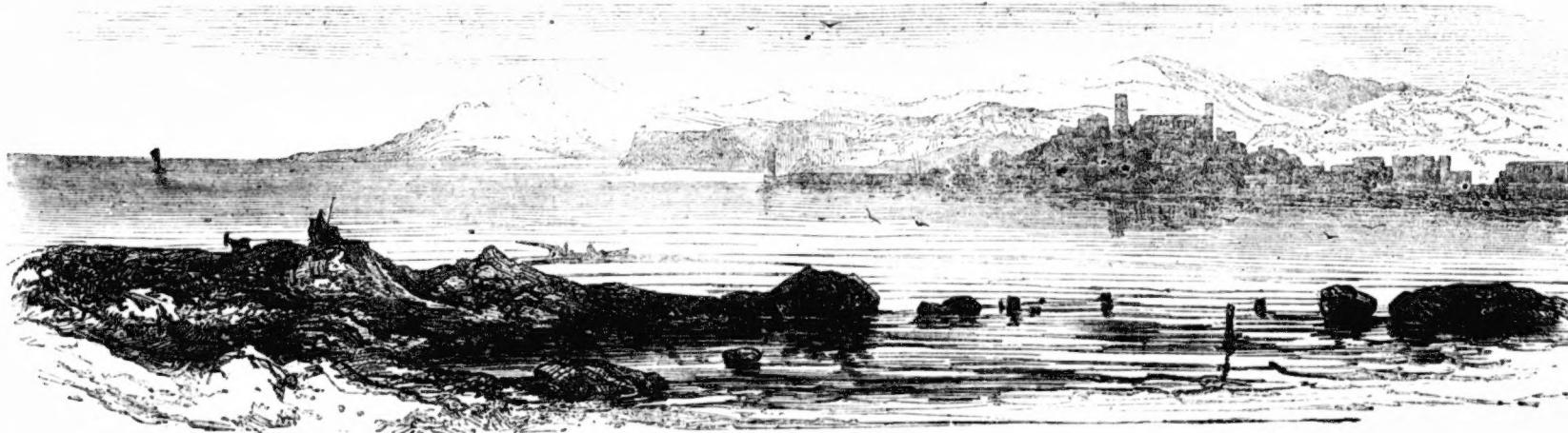
The new buildings, however, have almost extinguished the interest of the Gothic Castle and the old church; but it will be long, we trust, before they encroach upon the olive plantations and the orange-groves, or shut out altogether the sight of the vessels at anchor in the bight opposite the quay, as seen from the slope of the hill. As to its trade in those articles of commerce for which it is mentioned, even in recent gazettes, as being celebrated—that is to say in oil-barrels, anchovies, sardines, wine, olive oil, citrons, fruit, grain, and soap—that may last until Cannes is elevated to the rank of a principal town, and a hundred merchants establish stores in the business thoroughfares leading from the great boulevards.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

An interesting show of new, extremely rare, and very beautiful plants has been held in the conservatory of the society's garden at South Kensington. The object of the council in inaugurating the show was to exhibit to the fellows and the public the numerous rare and beautiful plants which had been brought before the floral committee during the past three years. The schedule of plants included stove plants in flower, stove plants out of flower, remarkable for their foliage, greenhouse plants in flower, greenhouse plants out of flower, remarkable for their foliage, orchids in flower, hardy plants in flower, hardy plants out of flower, hardy conifers, stove ferns, greenhouse ferns, hardy ferns, and miscellaneous. Of these, stove plants out of flower, greenhouse plants out of flower, hardy conifers, and the ferns of all species were in great number, and included many beautiful specimens of the several varieties. The exhibitors were required to state the price at which they were prepared to sell the specimens exhibited, as the council intend to make purchases, with a view of distributing these rare plants amongst the fellows. First, second, and third certificates of honour were awarded, according to



THE VILLA ALEXANDRIA, CANNES.



CANNES AND ITS ROADSTEAD.

the merit of the plants exhibited. One fourth of the gross receipts for admission to the show was divided among the gainers of these certificates, in proportion to their grade of honour. Another fourth was divided among the whole of the exhibitors, according to the space they occupied. Amongst those plants specially remarkable for their beauty or rarity may be specified Messrs. Herbst and Stenger's *Sedum Sieboldi pictum*; Mr. M'Arthur's *Bonaparte juncea filamentosa*; Mr. Thomas Ingram (gardener to the Queen), a beautiful specimen of *Lilium auratum* in full blossom. Mr. Linden, a Belgian nurseryman, of Brussels, amongst a beautiful collection of Japanese plants, exhibits a rarity, named by him the *Rogiera grattissima*, which excited great interest amongst the English exhibitors and the learned amateurs who attended the show. Scarcely less interesting, though not possessing the same claim to novelty, were a fine specimen of the cotton-plant in full pod; a fine Dove-plant—the *Espirito Santo*, or Holy Ghost-plant, of the Mexicans—in blossom; and a male *Aucuba* from Japan, by which a beautiful specimen of the female plant—the *Aucuba japonica vera*—had been fructified, and was exhibited in berry.

In spite of the long drought, the flower-beds and sward have been kept in admirable condition, so that the public, who yesterday thronged the conservatory, the orchid-houses, and the maze—when, by her Majesty's command, the gardens were freely thrown open to commemorate the birthday of the late Prince Consort—were able to form an excellent idea of the beauty of a garden which many probably visited for the first time.

GREAT FIRE AT WOOLMER FOREST.

DURING the past week a most destructive fire has been raging on the large tract of land known as Woolmer Forest, lying between Liss and Shalford, in the county of Hants, and bordering upon the Forest of Alice Holt, near Farnham, Surrey. On Tuesday evening a portion of heath and furze were known to be on fire on the Government ground near the spot on which the troops usually encamp at Woolmer; but, as fires of this description are of frequent occurrence, no particular notice was taken, and it was not until Wednesday that the fire began to assume an alarming appearance. On that evening several large trees, in addition to the heath and furze, were burning. The flames spread so rapidly, in consequence of the dry season, that all attempts to check their progress were unavailing. Great excitement then prevailed in the locality, the flames being distinctly visible at Guildford, Clandon, Aldershot, Farnham, and for a circuit of about twenty miles. As fires at night are generally deceptive as regards distance, and the south-western horizon was completely reddened by the glare, it was supposed by the military authorities at Aldershot that the town of Farnham was in flames, and a detachment of the camp fire-brigade, with a patent engine, was dispatched to assist in quelling the supposed fire. At Guildford it was for some time believed that the town of Godalming was the scene of the conflagration; while other places were likewise deceived. On Thursday and Friday the fire had spread over a tract of several miles, consuming everything in its way, including huts and cottages, and it was feared that, unless vigorous measures were taken to check it, the village of Liss and other places would be destroyed. Detachments of troops were therefore sent from Aldershot, consisting of the 75th Regiment, under Colonel Radcliffe; 83rd Regiment, under Major Venables; and of the Military Train and Royal Engineers; the whole being under the command of Colonel Simmons, R.E., and numbering upwards of 800 men. On their arrival at the scene it was found that between 7000 and 8000 acres of plantation had been burned, and that the fire was still raging. As it was impossible to suppress the flames, some of the men were at once ordered to check their further progress by digging trenches, while others were employed in cutting boughs from the trees and beating out the fire as it approached the trenches.

The exertions of upwards of 1000 persons, military and civilian, at length succeeded, after incessant working for three whole days and nights, in subduing the vast conflagration which for nearly a week had been devastating the forest, especially that portion known as Longmoor Inclosure. The task was not only arduous, but was attended with great danger, as the flames spread rapidly; but it does not appear that any injury of a serious nature has been sustained by the men employed in beating out the fire or digging the trenches. The military workmen were relieved every two hours, each relay consisting of 160 men; and, in addition to these, a large number of civilians were employed by the owners of the private property in the immediate vicinity to render assistance. The troops, having succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames, left the scene of devastation on Sunday morning at six o'clock, and returned to Aldershot. The detachments of the second battalion Military Train and Royal Engineers left at a later period of the day. The officers and men presented a most singular appearance, being completely begrimed in smoke, smut, and dust, which the absence of water and the nature of their duties had necessarily allowed to collect upon them.

The fire had penetrated to a depth of two or three feet in the earth, the soil being chiefly peat. The forest, which was once celebrated for its red deer, has been completely devastated, and thousands of firs and other trees, together with a large quantity of game, destroyed. Fortunately, the occupiers of the huts and cottages on the land were enabled to save their furniture and other effects. The damage done is immense, the whole tract from beyond Liss to Shalford, a distance of seven miles, extending a width of about three miles, having been laid waste. It now presents a charred and blackened appearance. The origin of the disaster is unknown, but it is suspected to have been the work of an incendiary.

THE FORESTERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The great annual fete of the Foresters at the Crystal Palace came off on Tuesday, but, owing to the wet weather, was not nearly so numerously attended as on preceding occasions, when from 70,000 to 80,000 persons have been present. In spite of the continuous rain, however, at an early hour in the morning the roads leading to Sydenham were alive with four-horse vans, filled with Foresters and their friends, while the stations of the lines of railway running to the palace were crowded. By one o'clock it was estimated that upwards of 30,000 persons had entered the palace, a larger proportion than usual of the visitors wearing the Robin Hood costume, while nearly all wore the regalia of the order. The committee had made preparations for the amusement of the large crowd expected to assemble, great exertions having been made to bring up the number of visitors on this occasion to 100,000. This object would probably have been realised had the weather continued the same as it had been for the last two months. Among the special attractions announced were the exhibition of the new life-boat on the upper terrace, built for, and presented to the National Life-boat Institution by, the Order of Foresters; a grand procession round the extensive grounds of the officers and brethren of the order, in full regalia; a display of the whole series of fountains; and a balloon ascent by Mr. Coxwell. The life-boat was there, and proved a great attraction. The fountains were played twice during the day; but, owing to the saturated and sloppy state of the grounds, consequent upon the rain, the procession was abandoned, and an apology was made for the non-ascent of the balloon owing to the wet weather. This disappointment was borne with the utmost good humour. Outdoor dancing, the game of "kiss-in-the-ring," and picnic parties, usually forming such prominent features in the amusements of the Foresters' day, had also to be abandoned; but, to make up for these disappointments, the committee arranged for a large addition to the excellent musical programme within the building, and an amateur theatrical performance in the large concert-room. The hippodrome in the grounds, with a company of equestrians, gave a number of extra performances. The palace was lit up at dusk, and large numbers remained to "see the palace by gaslight," it being a late hour at night before the last train of visitors left for London. To accommodate the visitors who had purchased tickets beforehand, and were enabled to make use of them on Tuesday, the directors of the Crystal Palace, the Crystal Palace Committee of the London United District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the Brighton Railway Company have concurred in allowing Foresters' tickets for Tuesday to be used on Monday next, when the fete of the London Gymnastic Society, a French excursion, Mr. Coxwell's balloon ascent, and other entertainments will take place.

THE GREAT FIRE AT LIMOGES.—The latest accounts from Limoges state that a corps of artillery from Bourges, led by their officers and assisted by the troops of the garrison, are labouring incessantly, though the ruins are still hot and the dust most oppressive, in clearing away the rubbish. During the four days the military have been thus employed they have already cleared a space of 500 yards, and loaded more than 2000 cubic metres of the remains of the houses demolished by fire in carts placed at their disposal. Great as the calamity is, it might have been worse. Among the houses destroyed by fire was that of a gunmaker, in which a large quantity of gunpowder was stored. At the commencement of the fire it was not supposed that it would have reached this house. It was thought sufficient to place the powder in a vaulted cellar, but when it was found that the house would inevitably become a prey to the flames the Mayor's deputy determined to have the gunpowder removed to the barracks. This dangerous operation was performed by a few courageous volunteers. Two explosions were heard shortly after. They were caused by two small parcels of gunpowder, which were forgotten. Had the 600 lb. weight of gunpowder exploded which had been removed from the cellar, the consequences might have been disastrous. In another street, to which the fire was approaching, there was a store full of spirits of wine. The spirits were removed by fifty dragoons, with the exception of a few casks which were too heavy. One of the causes of the rapid progress of the fire was the inflammable nature of the materials of which the houses were composed. Being mostly of wood, they ignited with fatal rapidity, and, the streets being narrow, they were in flames on both sides simultaneously. The fire ceased to spread when it met a house built entirely of stone.

FINE ARTS.

MR. ROBERTSON'S PORTRAITS OF CONFEDERATE CELEBRITIES.

To those who are reading the present page of American history, these pictures—authentic and reliable portraits of the Spartan leaders of the South—will be invaluable as illustrations. A curious interest attaches to them, moreover, from the fact that they have "run the blockade." They were passengers on some low, black snake of a steamer that crept through the beleaguered squadron and sped away to sea, laughing all pursuit to scorn. We almost picture to ourselves the canvases hanging in the little cabin, gazing with strange speculation in their painted eyes out toward the Federal cruiser in chase. They have passed the peril, and are here among us to bring before us vividly some of the chief actors in the great tragedy of endurance that is being enacted South. Many an exiled Confederate will doubtless visit this collection at No. 314, Oxford-street, and find food for comfort in the pale, stern faces of the men who guard the freedom of his country.

We are glad to see that Mr. Robertson, while exhibiting his larger canvases (some still unfinished), has had the good sense not to put away his original sketches, many of which have that indescribable something of character and truth which is so evanescent that it too often is missing from the replica, however carefully and conscientiously painted.

Some strange freak of nature, Jefferson Davis, the President, whose portrait is the first to which our attention is drawn, has much in it that is usually held as indicative of the "Yankee" type. This may, perhaps, be owing in some degree to the peculiar beard—of the same cut as that so familiar in the portraits of his rival, Abraham Lincoln. There is more refinement, though, about Davis; and the intellect, cool, calculating, and indomitable, which looks out of his clear grey eye, exerts a "higher pressure" on the physique than is usual to the common run of Americans. One impression which the portrait leaves on the mind is that the sword is fretting too thin a sheath.

General Lee's honest, fine face, with its silver locks and beard and bright brown eye, might well look out of a Middle Age casque, so marked is it by a chivalrous nobility. As he stands, in an easy but commanding posture, clad in the plain grey uniform, with the simple three stars on the collar, he looks the very impersonation of firmness, boldness, and vigour; for the snows on his head are those of experience, not decay. In the original sketch, the eye has a jovial, rollicking expression, and the face a merry, kindly smile, which, in the absence of the uniform, makes us fancy that we are regarding the likeness of some veteran *littérateur*, running over with *bon mots*, epigrams, and anecdotes.

Beauregard's face is probably the one which would be selected as the handsomest by a lady visitor. It bears unmistakable signs of his French origin. Indeed, with shaven cheek and small iron-grey moustache, he might pass for a hero of the Crimea. A fine thoughtful head is his, and there is no lack of firmness and decision in the thin, compressed lips, half hidden by the small iron-grey moustache aforesaid.

General Stuart is another whose nationality is to be read in his features. Unmistakably Scotch, with a bold, laughing blue eye, a tawny beard, and the length of feature peculiar to the North, he looks like some gallant cavalier who followed the young Pretender. The illusion is assisted by his slouch hat and black plume. This picture is one of the most telling of the group, marked by considerable vigour and character. But, undoubtedly, the best is that of Stonewall Jackson. If we see the Cavalier in Stuart, in Jackson we almost expect to find the brown beard (time had dealt more gently with the great captain than we were led to suppose), curling crisply over the steel gorget and buff coat of the Puritan. He seems like a modern Hampden (in fact, there is some resemblance to one picture of the patriot that we have seen), and is painted, as his men "loved to see him," in the act of reading prayers. His arms are flung out right and left along the horizontal limb of a tree, and his head is thrown back. There is a tender expression in the sweet, almost feminine, upper part of the face, as if he were just praying for the women and children; but in the firm mouth we can see the spirit which will anon call on the God of Battles to fight for the oppressed. The head is a very noble one, most expressive of the lofty and unsullied character of one to whom may be applied, with far more truth than to the Knight of the Round Table, the elegy uttered over Sir Lancelot of the Lake:—"There thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrod horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strode with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

We observed in the gallery unfinished likenesses of Generals Fitzhugh Lee, Ewell, Price, and Hill; as well as a portrait of Mr. Volk, the sculptor, to whom is intrusted the noble task of raising the monument of the great Jackson. Photographs from the pictures are obtainable, and will no doubt be welcome to admirers of the indomitable fire and energy of the South.

We should recommend all who take an interest in the great struggle now waging in America to make a point of visiting Mr. Robertson's pictures. We know of no better commentary than they afford, by the light of which to read and understand the heroic endurance and long-suffering of the handful of Confederate States.

TRIALS OF NEW LIFE-BOATS.—On Monday some harbour trials were made at the Regent's Canal Docks with two new life-boats, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, and built by the Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse, under the superintendence of the society. The self-righting and other properties of the boats were in every way satisfactory. One of the boats, which is 36 ft. long, is to be stationed at Porthdinllaen on the Carnavonshire coast. She is a splendid boat, and is well calculated for the important service she will have to perform on that dangerous point of the coast, where last winter several distressing shipwrecks took place. The cost of this life-boat has been given to the institution by Lady Cotton Sheppard. The other boat, 32 ft. long, is to be stationed at Cardigan. Her cost, and that of three others, has been collected by R. Whitworth, Esq., of Manchester, amongst his friends and fellow-townsmen. The institution has now 137 life-boats under its management, and invites the co-operation of experienced and influential persons on the coast to increase that number, in order to station a life-boat on every point where it can be shown that shipwrecks occur, and where a sufficient number of boatmen or fishermen are residing to work such boats on occasions of emergency.

RELEASE OF PRISONERS AT BOKHARA.—A despatch received in St. Petersburg announces that four foreigners (three Italians and one Frenchman), together with thirteen Russians, have been released by the Emir of Bokhara, after having been imprisoned a year. When the imprisonment of the four persons became known, in January last, the Italian Government immediately sent an agent, M. Bonhomme, to do what he could in the matter. Provided with letters from the Sultan, the Viceroy of Egypt, and other Mohammedan Sovereigns, M. Bonhomme proposed to travel to Bokhara through India, but was dissuaded by the Viceroy, as his death would have been ensured by so doing, on account of the Emir regarding all Europeans as Englishmen, and entertaining a mortal hatred to them. M. Bonhomme then travelled through Persia to Russia, the only country with which the Emir holds regular relations: but even in Russia he was advised not to make the venture, and thus he could only forward his letters through the officials. The letters, however, remained unanswered, as the Emir is not partial to such means of communication, and had only sent one answer to four letters from the Russian commandant at Orenburg. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the prisoners are now liberated, and M. Bonhomme has returned to Italy from St. Petersburg.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.—The Duke of B—— was travelling by rail last week, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when at an intervening station another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out, pretty lustily, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing travelling with only one man nowadays." The Duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

FEDERAL RECRUITING.

KIDNAPPING IN NEW YORK.

THE Richmond correspondent of the *Times*, in a recent letter, narrates two instances which have come under his notice of the misconduct of Federal crims. He says:—

There was lately brought to Castle Thunder (one of the prisons of Richmond) a young chubby-faced English boy, named James Addy, eighteen years of age. He was a deserter from the Yankees, and his story is such as I have heard again and again repeated, but rarely with such appearance of veracity as in this case. His father is by him stated to be a yeoman farmer, living near a Yorkshire village called Askern, about six miles from Doncaster. At thirteen James Addy says that he was appointed Midshipman on board her Majesty's frigate Emerald; but, after serving, with intervals of sickness, for about four years on the coast of Africa, his health gave way, and he resigned and returned home. Last year, accompanied by two friends, Henry and Thomas Garner, he visited New York, intending to return in two or three weeks to England. The keeper of the house in New York where they boarded drugged their wine and put them, while insensible, in the guard-house. The ruffian, in addition to stealing the money and valuables of young Addy and his companions, doubtless realised the bounty-money paid by the recruiting officer for three recruits. They were put into company A or B, 47th New York Regiment. They refused to do duty as soldiers. Addy tried twice to escape before he succeeded, and says that one of his companions, Henry Garner, was arrested while trying to escape, and, as Addy fears, was shot. After many hardships and difficulties Addy succeeded in getting to Richmond, and was committed to Castle Thunder, the prison for deserters. The poor boy says that he would die a dozen deaths rather than go back to the Yankees. The Commissioner appointed by the Confederate Government to examine Yankee deserters has taken pity upon him, and he has been sent to Wilmington with a view to running the blockade and getting back to England. It is hard to see, if this story be true, why Henry Garner's parents are not entitled to demand from the Washington Government compensation for the death of their son (as compensation was exacted for the murder of Captain Brabazon from the Chinese Government), or, at any rate, the punishment of the New York lodging-house keeper, whose name is known. It must be obvious that this case is one which admits of verification by reference to the Captain of the Emerald, and courts investigation.

Henry Miller, born of German parents in England, was a private in her Majesty's 30th Foot (now quartered at Montreal or Toronto), and was discharged, his time having expired, at Montreal in May last. He crossed the Canadian frontier, entered the State of New York, was drugged, and in less than a week found himself encamped on an island in the Hudson River off New York. He was sent down to Grant's army, put into a cavalry regiment, and deserted with his horse, which he delivered over to the Confederates, into whose lines in Petersburg he also piloted a Virginian lady who was cut off by the Federals. This poor fellow, whose story seems to me in every respect trustworthy, has to pay for the ordinary faithlessness of the Yankees by a long incarceration in Castle Thunder. His hatred to the Yankees exceeds belief.

The correspondent adds that he might prolong this list by giving the history of many other British subjects now immured in Castle Thunder as Yankee deserters.

A WHITE MAN SELLING HIS SONS.

The *Fulton Democrat*, a Pennsylvania paper, gives an account of a transaction which lately occurred in the town where it is published. From the tone of the article it may be inferred that the *Democrat* is decidedly opposed to the war, or, at all events, to the party now in power at Washington. This fact may account for the bitterness of tone which pervades the story; but we presume the main facts must be well known, or the *Democrat* would not so confidently challenge contradiction. It says:—

Sumner and his followers may prate as loudly as they please about "the barbarism of slavery," and Mrs. Stowe may rack imagination to create a monster like the brutal Legree; but we had an exhibition in this town during the examination of those recently conscripted, which, for inhuman and brutal barbarism, we defy any slave-market in the world to match. A father, who had already sold one minor son as a substitute to the human shambles, where he fell a victim, appeared in our town last Monday, dragging at his heels two half-grown, ill-shaped boys. They were all the sons he had, and he had contracted to sell them both as substitutes. They had been bargained for by "loyal" men. The smaller one, almost a mere child, was prospectively the property of a loud-mouthed and pestilent Abolitionist—a huge beast of a man, who stood six feet two inches in his stockings and weighed over 200 lb. This intensely "loyal" and "patriotic" fellow, when his own son—a sturdy, well-grown young man—enlisted, followed him to Chambersburg and brought him back home, on the plea that he was a minor and had enlisted without his father's consent. Yet he is always full of war, and eager for fighting, so long as it is at the expense of the blood of some else than himself or his own family. Being draughted, however, and wishing to lessen the probability of such a misfortune befalling him again speedily, and impelled at the same time to save a little money, he had bargained with a brutal father to pay a less sum than 300 dols. for the body, the bones, the blood, nay, more, the life of a child. We defy the whole South to furnish an instance of such a disgusting "dicker" in human flesh, or, from among all the professional slave-traders who have disgraced its soil, such a pair of monsters as these. There was no veil of pretended loyalty or stimulated patriotism to conceal the naked hideousness of this transaction. The father was actuated solely by a sordid desire for gain. The purchaser was moved by the sneaking white-livered cowardice that forbade his risking his own worthless carcass in a war for the prosecution of which he howls daily, and by the mean selfishness of his nature, which prompted him to make a cheap bid when bartering for a human victim. A plot had been made up by the parties to the disgusting transaction by which they hoped to deceive the board. The boys were made to lie as to their ages, and represented themselves as older than they really were. So immature and youthful, however, was the appearance of the little wretches that the board refused to believe the statements made to them, even though the father himself lied as to their ages in order that he might be enabled to effect a sale of his offspring. They were both rejected for this reason, as entirely too young for the service. The overgrown human brute, who had expected to save himself in this way, sorrowfully and reluctantly paid over his money to his cowardly carcass for a time; and the wretched father, after reeling about our streets for a day or so in drunkenness, went home, much disappointed, no doubt, in being balked in the sale of his sons. There is no colouring about this story, no fictitious glossings. It is true, just as we tell it, and known to be so to the very letter by many who will read this statement. We need make no comment. We have seen negroes sold on the block to the highest bidder, but that only involved a change of service. Here was a white man, with one son whom he had sold dead already, endeavouring to sell two more boys to what was almost certain death. He found loyal Abolitionists ready and eager to become the purchasers of cheap substitutes. Let us hear no more about the barbarism of slavery, when the barbarism of this war can exhibit such a revolting spectacle in the sight of Heaven on the free soil of Pennsylvania.

PRICE OF NEGROES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In almost every one of the recruiting and substitute brokers' offices such conversation as the following is of daily occurrence:—"Gent—What is the price of a likely young negro to-day? Broker—From 550 to 600 dollars, according to the demand. Gent—Could you furnish me with three or four sound negroes at a less price? Broker—No, Sir; there is a demand for all we have in Massachusetts, where we send those who can't pass examination, and where we get larger prices. Gent—How soon could you fill an order for twenty or thirty negroes to fill the quota of our town, say 550 dols. each? Broker—We can't take orders ahead. The price is going up every day. We expect another carload to-morrow or next day, and we will sell at the market price." White men bring, in some instances, from 50 dols. to 100 dols. more than negroes. One man paid 675 dols. for a sound Canadian. The market is fluctuating, but the tendency is upwards.

TRAGIC SCENE AT NAPLES.—On the afternoon of the 16th inst., as Princess de Teora, Mdlle. d'Avilos, and M. di Quarto, the bridegroom expectant of the last mentioned lady, were walking in the garden of the Palace di Vasto, at Chiaria, M. d'Avilos, her uncle, who disapproved of the projected match, set his bulldog on M. di Quarto; but the dog, instead of attacking that gentleman, advanced to the Princess in a gentle manner. M. d'Avilos then became more enraged, and struck M. di Quarto in the face. This gentleman drew a pistol from his pocket, fired at his assailant, and wounded him seriously in the side. A lady, an intimate friend of M. d'Avilos, who was present, then fired a pistol at M. di Quarto, and thereupon the Princess and Mdlle. d'Avilos fainted. The Duke d'Avilos, hearing the reports of the pistols, ran to the window which overlooked the garden, and sought to calm the combatants, especially conjuring his brother to restrain himself; but he, more furious than before, seized a double-barrelled gun and fired at his brother, in whose face one charge lodged, and who fell bathed in his blood. The police arrived soon afterwards and arrested both the offenders.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM.—This singular individual is now working a coach with great regularity between Norwich, North Walsham, and Cromer. Mr. Windham is no longer proprietor of the coach, but discharges his duties as "coachée"—looking after the luggage, waybill, &c.—in an exemplary manner. He has become extremely fat, and has a very jolly appearance. His coach is threatened, however, with the all-powerful opposition of the locomotive, the East Norfolk Railway Company being about to commence the construction of a line between Norwich and North Walsham. Mr. Windham's father was once M.P. for East Norfolk; one of his uncles is a Lieutenant-General in the Army and another a Marquis!

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

LAW AND CRIME.

The period at which a convict sentenced to penal servitude for a term may obtain a remission or a part of his sentence has now been definitively fixed, by a minute from the Home Office, at one fourth of the original term. Henceforth, the shorter terms of penal servitude are abolished. The order, not being retrospective, has no reference to crimes committed previously to the 25th of July last. Prisoners convicted of crimes committed after that date can only be sentenced either to imprisonment, which is not permitted to extend beyond two years, or to long terms of penal servitude, of which at least nine months must be spent in separate confinement, and to which proportionate remissions are attached as rewards for submissive conduct. It has hitherto been the practice, moreover, to allow the convict certain small periodical premiums for industry and obedience; but as the effect of this has been that the heaviest offenders, sentenced to the longest punishment, have thereby been enabled to leave the convict establishments with the largest amount of money, a maximum is now fixed to such allowances. The new regulation was lately alluded to, by Mr. Justice Byles, at the Central Criminal Court, after the trial of a prisoner who was convicted of a robbery with violence. Ten or eleven previous convictions were proved against the man. His Lordship, alluding to the Act on secondary punishments (upon which was based the Home Office circular to which we have alluded), said that the statute had deprived him of the power of sentencing the prisoner to penal servitude for a short time, and that he (the Judge) must therefore sentence him to imprisonment for a term by no means adequate (looking to his past life) or to penal servitude for seven years. "Believing in the wisdom of the Legislature," his Lordship sentenced him to the penal servitude. Hereupon the prisoner suddenly illustrated the wisdom of the Legislature and his own appreciation of it by slipping off one of his heavy shoes and hurling it furiously at a constable who had given evidence for the prosecution. It missed the officer, but deeply indented the front of the jury-box.

The body of Mr. Dowse, formerly well known as an industrious and active member of the Bar of the late Insolvent Court, of which he afterwards acted for some time as a deputy Commissioner, just previously to its dissolution, and after the decease of Mr. Serjeant Murphy, was last week found in the water, near the Welsh Harp Tavern, at Hendon. Evidence was offered that the unfortunate deceased had for some time suffered from depression of spirits, and had been unsuccessful in his private practice. There was no sign of violence, poison, or robbery upon the body, and the jury returned a verdict of self-destruction while in an unsound state of mind.

An insane woman was found wandering about the Edgware-road, and was taken to the police station, where she was claimed by a surgeon named Wilkins, of Ealing-green, as a "nervous patient." Mr. Wilkins added that she was "in the habit of escaping," and was "an old hand at it." So Mr. Wilkins, not being licensed to receive a lunatic patient, was summoned to Bow-street for contravention of the Lunacy Act. The woman's father proved at he had lodged his daughter with Mr. Wilkins to be treated as one of the family, and that he was given for payments for her board and attendance, also that the daughter was not a lunatic. On this latter point, however, there was some conflicting evidence, and the magistrate committed Mr. Wilkins for trial, in order that a jury might decide the question. Bail was of course taken.

A remarkable stretch of the new Act against street musicians is reported as having occurred last week. An organ-grinder was charged at Bow-street with having unlawfully persisted in continuing his nuisance after due request to remove. The case was fully proved. The magistrate demanded of the prisoner the name of his employer, or *padrone*. This the prisoner refused to give; whereupon the magistrate remanded him, in order, as stated, that the padrone might be found. Now, the Act expressly limits the term of imprisonment, as a penalty in such cases, to three days. There is no punishment, by any English law in force, for the master, or whatever the man may be called, who lets out organs and receives the profits of his miserable servants. There is no power, by any English law, to enforce the giving of information, or even the answering of questions, by a prisoner. If a magistrate can remand at all, he can remand for a week. Therefore, it stands to reason that this prisoner must have been unjustly dealt by, since, when again brought up, he may be sentenced still to his three days' imprisonment, making in all ten days.

A comical breach of promise case was tried at Leeds last Saturday. It was brought by a retired canvas-dealer named Lister, aged fifty-five, against a Mrs. Wray, a widow, aged sixty-nine. The defendant had already buried three husbands, and was in possession of an independence of about £700 a year. An engagement had been entered into between the parties, and the plaintiff had obtained the marriage license and provided the wedding breakfast when the defendant sent him word that she had changed her mind. Upon the plaintiff's side, one of the witnesses was submitted to cross-examination as follows:—

Mr. Maule—Are you a judge of female beauty? Do you not think the lady is more than seventy-five?

A.—I am not a judge of the lady's age; I should not like to name the lady's age.

Q.—Did you happen to be present once when the plaintiff's wig was blown off? Were you present when his wig was blown into a cherry-tree? Did you not remark that it would scare the crows there better than where it was before?

The witness apparently made no answer, and, like all other people in court, was convulsed with laughter. The defendant had secured her fortune to herself, which, as the Judge remarked, was the only symptom of good sense she had shown in the matter. Mr. Digby Seymour, plaintiff's counsel, said that he did not ask for large damages, but hoped the jury "would not insult" the plaintiff. Said the Judge, "I hope they will." The jury, however, appeared to have lacked wit to effect this object, for they returned a verdict of "One farthing damages." Had they increased this sevenfold, or even to threepence-halfpenny or fourpence, they might have been equally just, but certainly made plaintiff's partial success more ridiculous. In a way, this may be a kind of triumph to the defendant; but it must be rather a lugubrious victory to find the value of her charms and her companionship assessed at such a sum, even upon consideration of the advantage of her worldly means.

POLICE.

A NEIGHBOUR WITH A TASTE.—Michael Bertorel, an Italian organ-player, was charged before Mr. Knox with annoying Mr. Robert M. Rew, chemist, 282, Regent-street. Mr. Robert M. Rew said that at half-past eight o'clock at night the prisoner set to grinding his organ next door to his house. He very much annoyed him by doing so, and he went out and requested the prisoner to go away, but he refused to do so, and persisted in playing. Upon this, Mr. Rew gave the prisoner into custody, when he rushed into the passage of the house in front of which he was playing, being encouraged by a neighbour, Mr. Sykes, who had a taste for organ-playing. He (Mr. Rew) wished to state that great responsibility was placed on dispensers of medicines, and they required quietude, and not to have their minds distracted from their business; and that had he not felt much annoyance he would not have taken the trouble to come to the court. The prisoner continued to play in spite of the police.

Mr. Knox said that every householder in London had a right to protection under the Act of Parliament. It would never do to let the man off from feelings of compassion, or it would become an intolerable nuisance. In the present case, it was not so much dealing with the prisoner as between two persons equally respectable, but of different feelings. He should fine the prisoner 20s., and, as Mr. Sykes had been the cause of the prisoner offending, he would recommend Mr. Sykes to pay the fine.

ROBBERY BY A LAD.—A cunning-looking lad, named Jack Sharpe, was charged before Mr. Flowers with stealing a sovereign under the following circumstances:—

Miss Jacobson, the wife of a tobacconist in Chandos-street, Covent-garden, stated that on Sunday afternoon, between one and two o'clock, she went into a tavern a few doors from her husband's shop to get change for a sovereign. The prisoner was standing at the bar, asking for a halfpenny-worth of tobacco. He was told he could not have it, but, instead of leaving the shop, he waited and watched her until she laid down the sovereign to get the change, when he snatched that and bolted with it. She ran after him, calling "Stop thief!" He ran along Henrietta-street, pursued by a fireman, and was stopped in the market and brought back to the shop of her husband, who received the sovereign from one of the witnesses.

George Barnard, a messenger, said he was in the market and heard the cry of "Stop thief!" in Henrietta-street. He went to the corner of the street and saw the fireman running, evidently in pursuit of some person. Judging from the direction the fireman was taking, he turned into what is called the Long Market, which is the open space between the potato market and the central avenue; and, finding the prisoner there running, stopped and detained him. The prisoner said, "Let me go; they want to give me a hiding." At the same moment he put his hand to his pocket, from which something fell with a chink on the pavement. Witness picked it up and found that it was a sovereign. When the fireman came up they took the prisoner back to the shop of Mr. Jacobson, who gave him in charge. The sovereign was given up to Mr. Jacobson.

William Goodman, the fireman, confirmed this statement. The prisoner reserved his defence. Inspector Brennan said he believed the prisoner was known to Sergeant Ackrill. Remanded for further inquiry.

THE BURGLAR'S WELCOME.—The following information was received at the Marylebone Police Court:—At a quarter past two on the morning of the 18th inst., Mr. Witzberg, of 92, Marylebone-road, was awoken by a noise in his back yard. He immediately got out of bed and opened the parlour door, which is on a level with the passage leading from the yard. He then saw a man's face against the glass in the door. The man was what is termed "staring" the glass—that is, placing a piece of rag on which is a sticky substance, such as pitch, against it, and which prevents its falling when broken. By this means the burglar can get his hand inside to undo any bolt. Mr. Witzberg saw that the burglar had forced his entry through an outer door, and he got his pistol (a saloon breech-loader), and charged it with small-size shot. He fired at the burglar, who instantly ran into the yard, and escaped up a pair of steps over a wall into an adjoining garden. Mr. Witzberg shouted "Police!" and "Thieves!" The police came to the rear of the house, and had Mr. Witzberg continued his alarm at the rear, no doubt the burglar would have been captured. Instead of this, however, he went to the front door and sprang a rattle in the Marylebone-road. This caused the officers to run round to where the sound came from. It was then discovered that the burglar had escaped. He was traced to near Paddington-street by the continuous flow of blood from the wound he had received. The shot must have taken effect about the neck or face. It is conjectured that he took a cab off the rank. He had no hat on at the time, as that was left behind.

UNSCRATCHING A SCRATCHED SISTER.—Mary Ann Condon, secretary of the Star of the East Total Abstinence Society—Sisters of Progress, Tent No. 2, appeared to answer the complaint of a sister named Catherine Jones, who had been excluded from the society, which was registered, and was to pay money in case of sickness or death. Mrs. Jones failed to clear the books on the quarterly night, and was fined 1s., and ought to have received notice to pay the arrears and fine on next meeting night, the 12th of July, but did not. She received a notice on the 30th of July, and then went and tendered 2s. subscription, 6d. for rent, and 1s. fine; but defendant demanded 6s. for excursion-tickets and 1s. for a loan; and, on complainant's refusal, she was excluded from the society, and it was contended that such exclusion was illegal.

Mr. Paget asked under what rule the exclusion had taken place, and the defendant said the last rule.

Mr. Paget, having read it, said it referred to certain punishments, but there was not one word empowering the secretary or anyone else to exclude a member for non-payment of a loan, or for excursion-tickets; so that he must order the plaintiff to be reinstated.

Defendant.—But she is scratched.

Mr. Paget.—Then, I must unscratch her.

Defendant.—You can't.

Mr. Paget.—Well, I'll try.

Defendant.—She's out of the books.

Mr. Paget.—Put her in the books again.

Defendant.—That I won't.

Mr. Paget.—Won't you? Reinstate the complainant, or pay her 3s. and 2s. costs, or, in default, a distress warrant will be issued.

Another member who had been excluded also applied for a summons.

FEDERALS FISHING FOR FOOLS.—From the report of a case which was heard at the Woolwich Police Court on Monday, it would appear that Federal cramps are increasing in audacity, and that they are tampering with the allegiance of British soldiers in our home barracks-rooms. A man was brought before the magistrate on a charge of inducing privates in the Royal Engineers to desert and join the Federal army. He was detected sleeping in the Engineers' barracks, having been introduced there by some of the soldiers, and evidence was adduced of his having set forth the advantages of the Federal service to the soldiers, though those who had committed themselves most deeply with the crimp were, of course, the most unwilling to tell what they knew. The prisoner was

"would not insult" the plaintiff. Said the Judge, "I hope they will." The jury, however, appeared to have lacked wit to effect this object, for they returned a verdict of "One farthing damages." Had they increased this sevenfold, or even to threepence-halfpenny or fourpence, they might have been equally just, but certainly made plaintiff's partial success more ridiculous. In a way, this may be a kind of triumph to the defendant; but it must be rather a lugubrious victory to find the value of her charms and her companionship assessed at such a sum, even upon consideration of the advantage of her worldly means.

them, gave him into custody, and he was locked up at the Kirkham police-station. On the 22nd of the same month Mayor was brought before the magistrates at Blackpool on the charge of stealing the notes. The case was minutely investigated, and amongst the witnesses examined against him was the salesman, Bond. The evidence was not, however, sufficiently clear, and Mayor was acquitted. Mayor took the matter to heart; he asserted his innocence strongly and repeatedly. A friend of the family, Mr. Topping, a gentleman of independent means, believing that the youth was innocent and desirous of removing the apparent stain on his character, paid £100 to the Timber Company; the father of Mayor offered a reward for the missing notes, so did the Timber Company; every possible inquiry was made, but every effort to solve the mystery seemed useless, and in a few months the matter appeared to be forgotten. But the youth, Mayor, although acquitted, felt his position very acutely: he imagined that the public thought him guilty. In a short time his health gave way, and by-and-by his nervous system became thoroughly broken up, paralysis followed, and he has now been in bed nearly three years and a half. Last Wednesday afternoon a light was thrown upon the mystery. A little boy, whilst playing in the yard belonging to the Timber Company, found a pocket-book belonging to the man Joshua Bond, the salesman, which contained the notes so mysteriously missed. Bond was apprehended, and the next day he was brought before the magistrates at Fleetwood. Some preliminary evidence was given, and the case was adjourned until Saturday afternoon. In the meantime the deposition of the young man Mayor was taken. His statement was to the effect that on the 6th of October, 1860, he received two £50 notes from Mr. J. Walkden, of Church; that he put them in a bag and placed them on a table in the office; that he afterwards told Bond he had been balancing his books, and was glad to find that they were right; that Bond then told him to take some consignment notes to an office in Fleetwood; that they both went out of the office and locked the door; that he was absent about five minutes, and on returning found the cash-bag in the same place where he had left it; that during the evening he had occasion to look into the bag, when he missed the notes; that Bond knew he had received the notes in the afternoon; that there were three keys to the office, and that Bond had one of them. On Saturday afternoon the prisoner Bond was again brought before the magistrates at the Fleetwood police-station. He maintained a very cool indifference during the proceedings. Several of the friends of the young man Mayor were in court and appeared to be greatly affected. Among the witnesses examined was Police-Sergeant Whiteside, who took the prisoner into custody. The prisoner admitted that the book was his, and said that the notes must have been placed in it by some one who was ill-disposed towards him. After the examination of other witnesses the case was adjourned.

MURDER AT SEA AND EXCITING CHASE OF A PIRATE.—At the Southampton Borough Police Court, before the Mayor (Mr. G. S. Brinton), Lieutenant-Colonel Tryon, and Mr. Alderman Coles, Adolph Björnsen was brought up on remand, charged with the wilful murder, on the 21st of June last, of the captain of the English barque Gustave Adolph, on the high seas. The prisoner is a muscular man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was second mate on board the above vessel, which left London on the 7th of May for China. The evidence of Paul Rathje, a sailor on board the Gustave Adolph, showed that on the day in question, about nine p.m., the crew were sitting forward, when they heard the captain exclaim, "What is the matter with the second mate?" The prisoner was then walking up and down the deck with a pistol in his hand, and one of the crew repeated the captain's question to him, to which he replied that the old man, meaning the captain, was going to beat him. Shortly afterwards the captain rushed towards them and said, "Have you secured the second mate?" Prisoner was standing near, and he exclaimed to the captain, "What! secured?" and immediately pointed the pistol at the deceased, and shot him through the head. The captain fell and the prisoner ran away. As he was running aft witness called out to the other sailors, "Look out, or he'll jump overboard now." Prisoner remained a few minutes on deck, and then went into the captain's cabin, where he remained till half-past one in the morning. While he was below the crew kept watch, fearing that he would come and take their lives also. After throwing a quantity of provisions and other things on deck, prisoner called out to the man at the helm, "Get ready that boat." He then came on deck and handed a loaded musket to one of the men. He had in his own possession a double-barrelled gun and a revolver, one in each hand, and another revolver in his belt. Having seen that the provisions were thrown into the boat, he jumped into it and called to the men to lower it, which they were unable to do quickly enough, and he then cut the tackle and proceeded at once from the vessel. Two or three guns had been let by the prisoner, and these were fired at him, but without effect. The chief mate then said, "Let us stop till daylight," which they did; and after the lapse of several hours, during which time the crew were engaged in making bullets, they were able to discern the prisoner's boat about a mile from the vessel. A pursuit was at once resolved upon, and shortly before nine o'clock they came up with the prisoner, but at that time a calm set in, and he again got nearly a mile from the ship. About half-past one he was again overtaken, and several volleys were fired at the boat. When it was sinking the chief mate asked the prisoner if they should assist him, but he made no reply. A boat was afterwards lowered and five or six of the crew were sent to capture the prisoner. Just before they reached him they picked up some of his papers and a case containing a dozen bottles of wine. Prisoner asked for assistance, and he was taken into the boat and placed in irons. He objected to this, and assured the crew that he did not intend to escape again. Witness examined the captain's body when he got back to the vessel. There were wounds about the face and head, and the right arm hung merely by a piece of flesh. It appeared that after the prisoner left the ship, and the assured the crew that he did not intend to escape again. Witness examined the captain's body when he got back to the vessel. There were wounds about the face and head, and the right arm hung merely by a piece of flesh. It appeared that after the prisoner left the ship, and the assured the crew that he did not intend to escape again. Witness examined the captain's body when he got back to the vessel. 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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
TOURIST TICKETS for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Hammersmith, Kensington, Notting-hill, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringdon-street, King's-cross, Gower-street, and Portland-road Stations to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL—viz., Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c.; Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.; also WEYMOUTH and the Channel Islands.

NORTH WALES—Abergavenny, Bala, Dolgelly, Llangollen, Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c.

Also to the ISLE OF MAN, via Liverpool.

SOUTH WALES—Newport, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c.

TICKETS are issued for CIRCULAR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES by five routes.

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THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT—Windermere, Ulverston, Coniston, Furness, Ambleside, Penrith, &c.

YORKSHIRE—Scarborough, Harrogate, &c.

IRELAND—Lakes of Killarney, Limerick, &c.

Programmes containing fares and full particulars may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices.

Paddington, August, 1864. J. GRIESEY, General Manager.

EIGHT HOURS AT BOULOGNE.

A SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—A CHEAP EXCURSION TO BOULOGNE & back, on SUNDAY, AUG. 24, leaving Charing-cross at 6 a.m.; Blackfriars, 6.30 a.m.; London Bridge, 6.10 a.m.

Returning from Boulogne, same day, at 7 p.m. Fares there and back, Covered Carriages, 7s. 6d.; First Class and Saloon, 10s.

Children under Twelve, Half Fares. One package of luggage allowed each passenger, to be taken in their own charge.

C. W. EBORAL, General Manager.

On Monday, the 29th inst., One Shilling (No. 57),
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER, with Illustrations.

CONTENTS:

Margaret Denys's History. Annotated by her Husband. (With an Illustration.) Chapter XXXI.—Rout.

“XXXII.—Illustration.”

“XXXIII.—Sister Agnes.”

Death and Love.

The French at the Alm—Todleben.

The Ethics of Friendship.

The Lovers of Ballyrookan. Part II.

Partridge-shooting.

German Professor.

Wives and Daughters. An Every-day Story. (With an Illustration.) Chapter IV.—Mr. Gibson's Neighbours.

V.—Calf Love.

VI.—A Visit to the Hamleys.

SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 65, Cornhill.

THE PRIZE POEMS receiving the 100 guineas as offered in advertisements, “Ho! for a Shakespeare,” are now published. Illustrated with Lithograph Portraits. gratis on application to principal Drapers everywhere, or by stamped address to DAY and SONS, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London.

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PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY, at MOORE and MOORE'S, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within. These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements recently applied, which effect a grand, a pure, and delightful quality of tone that stands unrivaled. Prices from Eighteen Guineas. First-class pianos for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award, International Exhibition: Honourable mention “for good and cheap pianos.” Carriage-free.

PIANOS FOR HIRE.—MARRIAGE-FREE. Option of Purchase, convenient terms at any period.

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PICTURE FRAMES! PICTURE FRAMES!

Best and Cheapest in London. The Coloured Pictures given with the “Illustrated London News,” framed in handsome Gilt Moulding, from £1.6d., at 57, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane.

THE NEW FILTER.—DR. FORBES says:

“Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, the most valuable invention.” Can only be had at Mr. Lipscomb's Filter Office, 233, Strand (three doors from Temple-bar). Prospectus free.

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TOURISTS and TRAVELLERS exposed to the Sun and Dust will find the application of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin; allaying all heat and irritability; removing eruptions, freckles, and discolorations; and rendering the skin soft, clear, and blooming. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Sold at 20, Hatton-garden; and by Chemists and Perfumers.

“Ask for ‘Rowland's Kalydor,’ and beware of spurious articles under the name of ‘Kalydor.’”

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ORIGINAL AND SUPERIOR ESSENCE of ANCHOVIES, SAUCES, PICKLES, &c., Pure and Good, as supplied by JOHN BURGES and SON for more than One Hundred Years.—107, Strand (corner of Savoy-street), London.

CAUTION.—Chlorodyne.—In Chancery, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood stated that Dr. Brown was undoubtedly the inventor—eminent hospital physician of London—that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Brown's. See Times, July 13, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. It is affirmed by medical testimonials to be the most efficacious medicine for CONSUMPTION, COUGHING, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPASMS, RHEUMATISM, &c.

No home should be without it. Sold in bottles 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., sole manufacturer. Observe particularly, none genuine without the word “Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne” on the Government stamp.

Read the works of James Morison, the Hygeist.

BRITISH COLLEGE of HEALTH, Euston-road, London.—The cases of cure effected by MORISON'S PILLS, the Vegetable Universal Medicine, of the British College of Health, Euston-road, London, may be had, on application, of all the Hygeian Agents throughout the world.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS should receive a fair and impartial trial from all afflicted with sores, wounds, bad legs, varicose veins, numbness of the muscles, contracted sinews, and many infirmities by which multitudes pass through a miserable existence to an early grave.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, Putney, Surrey; Instituted, 1854.

Treasurer—HENRY HUTH, Esq.

Bankers—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co.

Melrose Hall Entertainment Fund. Estimated cost, £7500.

The Board earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS in aid of this national undertaking.

It is expected to open the new Hospital about Midsummer next. There will be perfect accommodation for 200 inmates.

The estate is situated at West Hill, Putney-heath. It consists of a mansion and two acres of park land, and is accessible by railway or omnibus.

Donors of five guineas and upwards give the privilege of life-governorship and votes in proportion. Smaller amounts of half-a-guinea and upwards entitle to present votes.

Contributions received by the bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.; Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; by the Treasurer, Henry Huth, Esq., 10, Moorgate-street, E.C.; and by the Secretary, 10, Fournier-street; and Regent-street, Oxford-street.

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

Office, 10, Fournier-street, E.C., July 1, 1864.

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